

THE **Body Politic** 75¢

NOVEMBER '77 **GAY LIBERATION JOURNAL**

Ferron: lesbian, singer, butterfly

Andrew Hodges: tribe talk

The baths: polite police and bawdy politics

Getting on television

***Quentin Crisp...
and the rest of us.***



Rights of access

Cable, FM and the dailies:
One foot in the door, two doors in the face.

by David Mole

In August, Q107, Toronto's new "FM Album Rock" radio station refused a series of ads from *The Body Politic* only a few days before they were due to be aired. Space had been reserved for weeks. But the ads, Q107 said, were not in their "best interest" at the present time.

In early September, *Globe and Mail* publisher Brigadier Richard Malone declined not to publish TV quarter page display ad put together by Glad Day Books and seven publishers to promote new gay titles. Again, the space had been reserved without problem long before.

In mid-September, Richard Short, president of Toronto's Rogers Cable TV, pulled the plug on "Gay News and Views," deciding that Rogers would not air the show being produced by the Gay TV Collective at the Maclean-Hunter community cable studio. There had been complaints after the first showing, Mr. Short said. No, he did not know how many. No, Mr. Short had not seen the program.

The pattern is the same. The advertising people, the programmers, the book-page people have no objection, but "management" doesn't like it personally, and they don't like it on behalf of the "general public" who "are not ready."

At this point, protests over the Q107 decision and the *Globe* ad refusal have still not changed the decisions, but pressure on Rogers finally worked. After three weeks Rogers re-evaluated "its position" and "Gay News and Views" is back on the air for its 200,000 subscribers.

"Gay News and Views" is a part of cable TV community access programming. In return for their lucrative monopolies on cable lines, cable TV companies are obliged to give on the channel to community groups that want to put on programs and to help them with equipment, training and studio space. Last June Maclean-Hunter took up the Gay TV Collective's request to produce a series for gay people in Toronto. The other local cable companies agreed to carry it on their systems. Ironically enough, Rogers itself is helping to produce another gay program scheduled to appear next January. The production of this show was halted briefly when Short's directive came down but it is now going ahead again.

The first program was shown by Maclean-Hunter on Monday, September 19. The collective got a good deal of press attention, mostly supportive. At three companies ran the show the next day and Rogers again on Wednesday. Maclean-Hunter, the payers are about the most organized and creative group to use the facility in a long time.

But on Thursday the axe fell. Without giving any reason Rogers management went back on their agreement and withdrew the use of their cable.

It is the responsibility of the CRTC to make the cable companies live up to their obligation to provide community programming. The Gay TV Collective and the group working on the other show at Rogers called Ottawa and sent written protests. Toronto bars were leafleted, "Gay People Censored? Will You Stand For It?" asked the flyer. The companies began to receive calls ten to one in favour of the program.



It was time for Rogers management to think up some better reasons for the cancellation than Mr. Short's "personal feelings." They began to argue that the show wasn't theirs. The CRTC discourages cable companies from liling the community channel with the programs of other stations rather than producing their own. Then they pointed out that they were already working with a gay group, and they were concerned about "balance."

The attempt to play off one gay TV show against the other was a transparent ploy. The two shows have been conceived in radically different ways. "Gay News and Views" is designed to serve gay people, to provide information and discussion that will help gay people be aware of what's going on in their community and of the ways they might become involved in it. The program being produced at Rogers is directed at a larger audience. The group hopes to present a view of what it's like to be gay in straight society for the benefit of a straight audience as well as a gay one.

Apparently Rogers, whose license is up for renewal in January, did not think they could convince the CRTC that their action had been in line with the Commission's policy on community programming. They also found that they had real fight on their hands. Letters, phone calls, the threat of court action, and pressure on the CRTC showed that gay people were not going to roll over and play dead. Without explanation Rogers withdrew their objection. The gay community chalked up a very important victory. But it is not a complete victory yet.

One problem is that Rogers' sudden and unexplained change of heart leaves the arbitrariness of their actions unchallenged. Gay groups wanted to know how far the CRTC regulations in fact protect their rights of access to cable TV. "This was an experiment to see if the owners dictate these things," said one spokesperson for the gays working with Rogers. Rogers management retreated before any action by the CRTC or on the courts was necessary. The people putting out gay TV programs still don't know just where they are and whether hours of effort might suddenly come to nothing if one of the cable companies makes another about face.

Another effect of the Rogers battle is an attempt by Maclean-Hunter to establish a "code" to govern "Gay News



and Views." Such codes are not used for other community programs. As Bill Craig of the CRTC says, the CRTC regulations and policy "should be all the code they need."

The idea of a code specifically to regulate gay programming originated in Ottawa, where Gays of Ottawa (GO) is producing a program on Skyline Cable. Gays of Ottawa has already done two shows, both of which were broadcast by the two Ottawa cablevision companies. It has also done two shows in French on the cablevision channel in Hull and has shown one of the English programs on that channel. All showings have been between the hours of 6 and 10 pm.

Although there appears to be no move pending to censor or cancel the programs, management of the cablevision companies is known to be a "little nervous about public reaction. When GO suggested it might change the title of its English show from "Out of the Closets" to something with the word "gay" in the title, the companies said this might not be a good idea "in view of what happened over the summer," a reference to the anti-gay backlash that followed the Florida referendum, the Ontario Human Rights Code recommendation and the Toronto murder.

Apart from the usual CRTC regulations which forbid the mention of "commercial establishments" or appeals for money, Skyline Cable insists that the show be directed at a general audience and not just at gay people, that there be no "propagandizing" and no attempt to "recruit" for gay organizations — the programs must be "educational and

DN THE AIR AGAIN: Gay TV Collective puts together another show in the Maclean-Hunter studios. Clockwise from top left: technicians Paul Aboud and Kim Krause with on-camera hosts Gordon Montford and Heather Ramsay.

informative," — and that to "add credibility" at least one person not identified with the gay community must be on each show.

Skyline programmers argued that these restrictions are necessary "because management had to be convinced." One programmer told TSP that the programs could "not give the gay lifestyle any undue enhancement." The show "couldn't be on location for a gay dance for example. That would lead to a reaction," he said.

David Gernaise of Gays of Ottawa does not think that these guidelines are a problem. "We wanted to get on the air," he told TSP, "and we wanted the programs to be subtle. We think we can say what we want within the guidelines."

Toronto people involved in gay TV are more concerned. Maclean-Hunter management proposed the adoption of Skyline's code but were argued out of some of the points by their programmers working with the Gay TV Collective. "Gay News and Views" is still to be aimed at a gay audience, and there is no demand for non-gay participation in the show or for a ban on "propagandizing." Nevertheless, Maclean-Hunter's management are now insisting that the tone of the programs be "informational and educative" and that "common sense and good taste prevail." Any "controversial or unusual material" has to be pre-screened and can't be run before 10 in the evening.

There is widespread feeling that the codes not only single out gays among community groups looking for TV access, but that they also run counter to CRTC policy. That policy states that "the most significant fact which sets the content of community programs apart is its ability to turn the passive viewer of TV into an active participant" and that it should provide the "widest possibility for self expression." Bill Craig summed up the character of community programming as "input oriented, not output oriented."

Local activists argue that a set of guidelines calling for no "propagandizing" and no "recruiting" and insisting that shows be "educative and informative" denies gay people the opportunity to use TV in a way that is in fact "output oriented."

While real programs are being made on the community programming system the battle is yet to be won for access to the advertising space of the *Globe* and

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Editorials

On our terms

To be gay is to be more than a "consenting adult in private."

To be gay is to be part of a community — a community trying to establish and preserve itself.

In some ways, we are a fragile community still. In urban centres particularly, we grow and strengthen as we gain access to mass media — as we speak for our selves on radio, TV, as we tell our own story through mass circulation newspapers and magazines.

It is a strength you can see. You can see it in the number of calls that come in to every gay organization in town after each program. You can see it in the number of new faces that turn up at meetings of local gay organizations. Recruits.

It is a strength *they* sense — the men who control access to the media. And if they sense things are going too far — as Rogers Cable did — they pull the plug. The show gets cancelled. The phone calls stop, those phone calls from gay people who may have learned for the first time of the existence of the gay community. We take a stumbling step backwards towards invisibility.

It is a tribute to the organizing efforts of the gay movement that it was able to flex enough muscle to get Rogers to reverse its decision. There were phone calls, letters. There was the threat to bring the whole matter before the CRTC. And Rogers cut "Gay News and Views" back on the air.

The job isn't over yet. The cable companies insist on placing certain "restrictions" upon the content and timing of these shows — restrictions that no other group with access to TV has to endure. Like having to get at least one straight person on each show for "balance." Like having your show bumped out of the "family viewing period" to a later time slot. Like having everything pre-screened by management on an eye for the "public eye."

No other community gets that kind of treatment, and our community mustn't take it. There has been an understandable tendency among our gay media people to accommodate these restrictions to some extent — it may mean the difference between continued invisibility and getting some love.

But I must be an accommodation that is temporary. We must fight for the time slot we want (and it may well be the "family hour"), we must insist upon the fact that only homosexuals can speak knowledgeably about homosexuality; we must insist there is nothing "offensive" about — for example — casual instances of same-sex affection.

When we reach out to our community, it must be on our terms, with our message. Not theirs.

The only sure sign

In the last issue of *The Body Politic*, a lead article expressed grave reservations about the way the Committee to Defend John Damien was exercising its mandate to reinstate Damien, and to press for sexual orientation in the Ontario Human Rights Code.

In particular, the article questioned the leadership of committee chairperson Terry Phillips, and whether the emphasis on "human rights" (as opposed to gay rights) was appropriate.

Early as a result of the article, Terry Phillips has resigned as chairperson and withdrawn from the committee.

It would be tempting to see this as a triumph for *The Body Politic* and its vision of how Damien's defence should be conducted. We were right. Too you so.

Wrong. For one thing, it is always tragic to lose energies. And there was never any question that Phillips worked tirelessly for the reinstatement of John Damien.

For another, there is no triumph until Damien has won his case. And that very much depends upon the direction taken by the committee under its interim chairperson, Michael Lynch.

There are good signs. The long hoped for constitution has finally been debated and ratified. There are plans to broaden the base of the committee and involve a greater cross-section of the community.

Signs. And yes, signs which indicate the committee is moving in the right direction. But the final proof of the committee's real effectiveness will be known as the public gains a wider knowledge of the whole scandal; as the money pours in to Damien's court case; as gay people, straight people mobilize for the defence.

Victory is the only sure sign.

Letters

Anger off base

The anger expressed last month in your letters column by Douglas Gardner and John Wilson over my skimpy coverage of the demonstrations staged this summer in Toronto by the Gay Community Stop Anita Bryant was, in my opinion, mostly justified.

However, it was unwise of them in their righteous wrath to further mobilize you for publishing an article about a gay men's baseball league, as if that constituted conclusive proof of your political and journalistic turpitude. In doing so, Gardner and Wilson gave the impression — false, I am sure — that they consider the baseball league less worthy of our attention than their own Coalition.

Political organization, of course, is the most effective way in the long run to protect the welfare of a community surrounded by a hostile world. But it is wrong to conclude from this simple truth that purely social undertakings in the same community deserve only to be slighted and belittled.

Whether political or social, formal or informal, voluntary associations of gay people reflect healthy ties which strengthen the gay community and foster the well-being of its members. Such groups and organizations should be encouraged by the community-minded, including gay activists.

The men who have formed this gay baseball league deserve our praise, as does *The Body Politic* for bringing them to our attention.

Ken Fopert
Toronto

Wages Due

As a lesbian who attended the Gay Conference in Saskatoon, I want to respond to Paul Trollope's objection to the 50% lesbian control resolution, and to Diane Beardsell's attack on the Wages Due Lesbians.

That Paul Trollope considers a resolution requiring 50% control by lesbians of NGRC to be "disruptive and divisive" indicates his reluctance to fight the sexism which has alienated many women from NGRC. That many lesbians want and are building an autonomous lesbian movement does not remove the necessity for NGRC to recognize and support the needs of women within their organizations.

I supported the motion with the majority of the conference because I believe that without the opportunity for 50% control, lesbians will leave NGRC in increasing numbers.

I had never met women from Wages for Housework before the conference. However, my impressions of their role there differs strikingly from those of Chris Beardsell.

I saw many women being drawn to

the argument put forth by Wages Due Lesbians and saw Beardsell disrupting, interrupting and proclaiming the incorrectness of their ideas without substituting what she believed were the correct ones.

I was glad the Wages Due Lesbians were at the conference, and I felt that many other women there also appreciated them. They were instrumental in all the resolutions that strengthened the power of women in NGRC.

Women are organizing as a peasant class and will have to find out some homework to find out where this uprising fits into her ideology.

Diane Tyburne
Ontario

We are confused by Paul Trollope's attack on lesbians and Wages Due. Hopefully he does not expect us to believe that the increased "power" which gay women have established in the gay movement in the past year "has resulted from the generosity of gay men."

As straight male workers we know that what power we have has come from our struggle. We are sure the same is true for gay men. And when we read that a lesbian is the keynote speaker and that lesbians led the march through the streets, we know it was because they fought for it.

Perhaps, however, Paul Trollope would prefer lesbians to have less power. Certainly his comments on lesbian representation suggest that he only wants women in the NGRC on his terms. In fact, by equating autonomy with separatism — if they want to organize autonomously, then they shouldn't want 50% of the voting representation — he is cutting himself off from a crucial source of power.

Peter Taylor
Steve Diuski
Toronto

Beardsell & Trollope reply

The "Dykes" column in the September *Body Politic* consisted of an explanation of my personal anger and disagreement with the behaviour of Wages Due Lesbians at the National Gay Rights conference in Saskatoon this past summer, and an explanation of why I disagree with their perspective for organizing women in general and lesbians in particular. One point I tried to make in the column and one which seems to have been lost on Ms Tyburne is that, while I did disagree with both the analysis and the way Wages Due intervened in the conference — these are in fact two different issues.

At the conference itself, I was critical of the way Wages Due Lesbians were intervening. They are welcome to their analysis, but they shouldn't have tried to cram it down everyone's throat regardless of what workshop or agenda item was being discussed.

Ms Tyburne is correct in stating that I did not counter-point my own analysis to theirs at every opportunity. I am not prepared to be as obstructive as they are. She is wrong if she thinks this was because I thought the women present were too ignorant to grasp it. It was not their fault that I did not do so. I was there to support analysis, not to interfere to Wages Due's point analysis. I was there to share with other gay women the experiences and needs of our different communities and to discuss our participation in NGRC.

Tyburne then contradicts herself with the complaint that I "proclaimed the incorrectness" of Wages Due and that I made "claims to the right line." I said

then, and I say now — Wages Due was wasting our time trying to get agreement on their, or any one's, ideology. We would have been much further ahead if we could have decided to work on one or more common campaigns, decided to get more lesbians involved in NGRC, discussed how to do that or how to build our own, autonomous movement.

Tyburne may state that Wages Due as a "contagious strategy that is gripping more and more women," with "many women being drawn to the analysis is put forth by Wages Due Lesbians." That would be sad enough in itself, but what I saw was sadder still — a majority of the women at the conference absent from most of the lesbian workshops because they were not interested in yet another rehash of Wages Due's "gripping" strategy. While I didn't want to waste more of the conference participants' time in Saskatoon, I felt it was necessary as much as I do not want to seem divisive and antagonistic to state as a feminist why the Wages Due analysis is not our feminism, but anti-feminist. I tried to do that in the "Dykes" column of the September TPJ.

If Tyburne thinks my perspective is incorrect, it was laid right out in print for her to disagree with to her heart's content. Instead of attacking these ideas, as I tried to do with Wages Due, she makes the classic mistake of attacking the writer personally. That is not a convincing way to argue.

Chris Beardsell
Toronto

I'm sorry that readers Diuski, Taylor and Tyburne misinterpreted my conference analysis as having taken a position against the 50% lesbian control resolution. Before the story was either drastically cut (for space reasons) it contained the statement that I had strongly supported the resolution as a correct and very important one. Unfortunately this was deleted in the published version, while the statement that I felt the manner and timing of the resolution was presented in isolation from the issue somewhat out of context.

What I was objecting to was, as the article stated, "the introduction at the last minute of such a controversial motion on a major matter of structure and policy" — not the issue of 50% lesbian control. It is unfortunate that the motion was presented in isolation from all the debate at the conference about the structure and future direction of the gay movement, and that those who wanted to restructure NGRC did not so argue during the workshops on the subject.

But I spoke strongly in favour of the motion at the conference and, obviously, fully support it. It is important for us now to work out what this new structure will be and to find the best way of implementing it.

Paul Trollope
Toronto

Friends of Wolf bite back

We just read your review of R. Bellucci's *A Wolf in the Fold* and we can't help commenting on Ian Young's hatchet job.

We have stocked the book and sold numerous copies of it and we haven't had the reaction Mr. Young had. Our customers found the book to be very sensitive. Perhaps that is a quality Mr. Young lacks.

Mike & Rose Danck
Sundland, Canada

Frage-spatter replies

Bruce Spatter's letter in the October issue criticizing my "Frage-spatter's Guide to Eisenstein" admits to agreeing with the general thrust of the article, that, like Eisenstein, I am not an abundant source of covert gay moths. I am therefore anxious to clear up the serious misreadings of my ideas also contained in his strangely harsh and negative letter.

Russell's major misconception is that I am trying to prove a "case," that is, that Eisenstein was gay, using the films as evidence. Nothing could have been

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The liberation of homosexuals
can only be the work
of homosexuals using themselves."
Kurt Hillier, 1921

Quentin Crisp

by Rick Bébout

He's a 88-year-old effeminate homosexual whose TV biography, *The Naked Civil Servant*, made him "a virgin." And something of a celebrity. We talk to the man who was "flaunting it" in the thirties, a non-militant with a lust for power.

The words

By Keith Mallard

Ferron sings, to understand you have to listen. "A lesbian, a writer and a butterfly," she may well be one of the best and most important songwriters in North America.

Andrew and tribe

by Ed Jackson

He's just half of Hodges and Hutter, the co-authors of *With Downcast Gays*, but we get the full story behind the book. And a hint about what combines computers, secret codes, and homosexuality.

In the news

It's on again, off again, on again in the great gay community TV saga: we first out what elections in Manitoba might mean for gays; Vancouver GATE goes to the Supreme Court, and a whole new section of International News Briefs. Lots more too!

In the reviews

The E.M. Forster bio — a fine book with no dirty bits, the child custody pamphlet might be a PR job for Wages for Housework; Cole Porter and Montgomery Clift were fruits; and As You Like It at Stratford gets close to how we like it.

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• Cover photo of Quentin Crisp by Gerald Hanlon •

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further from my purpose: what I was attempting was a kind of preliminary textual analysis of these films, not a psycho-biographical study of their author. I maintain that the films' vivid record of homosexual impulses in tension with the official themes of socialist and modernist art is too pressing in its contemporary relevance to be ignored.

My specific intent in the article was to sketch four or five areas on which a textual analysis of the films might focus.

Russell disagrees with only one of these sketches; so I assume he accepts the others. What he objects to is my observation that Eisenstein's women are, with one vivid exception, visually and dramatically flat.

He first claims that a "heterosexual" proposed plot summary for the never-finished *Que Viva México* has some bearing on the issue. It does not, I of course. My point was precisely that gay filmmakers have always survived by submitting "heterosexual" proposals (just like Russell's) and then have expressed their erotic interests covertly or inconspicuously within those heterosexual frameworks.

Russell then introduces a still of a sofly lit, semi-nude Mexican woman from the unedited footage which allegedly "destroys" "almost by itself" my point. Aside from the absurdity of this claim (at most such an image would add a minor exception to my already carefully qualified generalization), it is disingenuous of Russell not to point out that the male feet clearly visible in the lower right of the still belong to an equally bare young man also in the hammock. This man appears prominently throughout the sequence, and, if my memory serves me correctly, is given just as much visual weight and



considerably more erotic energy than the woman isolated by Russell to prove his point. The image of this young man, sitting in his hammock with the morning sun stroking across his taut, luminous chest, has been justly celebrated by gay men-buffs for years.

Russell continues with the assertion that "too much of my case" rests on this part of my analysis — in fact, a seven-sentence digression which fills about one-ninth of the total column space of my text. This is a willful distortion.

Russell's next implied accusation is that I am equating homosexuality with

mesogyny. This is again putting words in my mouth, but an additional sentence of clarification might be useful: it is not at all reckless to posit a connection between Eisenstein's incoherent and otherwise problematical treatment of women, and an artistic sensibility struggling against conventional definitions of sexual roles and identifying erotically with a male universe (nor is it the first or last time that a gay male artist expresses his contradictory situation with straight society in such a way.)

Russell is right in one thing however: the October is a film which belongs in any treatment of Eisenstein's gay imagery. He is wrong though in saying I overlooked it. I'm surprised that someone as familiar with Eisenstein as he would not recognize the October still of the bare chested student victim on page 16, incorrectly identified by the editors as from Potemkin.

Russell concludes with adig at my "useless" cultish journalism. Of journalism I plead proudly guilty. In my opinion, the "valid and necessary" gay research Russell proposes can only be undertaken in constant dialogue with an unspecialized gay public, e.g. via journals. As for "cultish," if Russell feels that the BP collective and reader-ship comprise a cult, I am no less proud of the privilege of belonging to and addressing the cult, whose standards and interests I feel I have accurately reflected in my article.

Thomas Waugh
Montreal

Unrequited lust

You'll probably think me too frivolous, and this letter a bit of mindless fluff, but I had to write because I so enjoyed your profile on Bill Lewis and I'm afraid I just felt left out here.

I can't remember when I've seen a more adorable epitome of the shy and stubborn male gay activist. He's absolutely the quintessence of yum, and what a shame that someone who is part teddy bear, part salty spent so many years (and virginity) in the closet! I wish I could somehow make up to him all the love he did without, and I think I could even get to like Winnipeg, and even if he did find me dumb, I could help him hold placards and perhaps find some bugs he'd enjoy looking at.

On the other hand, if he ever let me into the lab I probably wouldn't be able to keep my hands off him for a minute and he'd look as if he should be hugged until he turns blue and with that and all the endless kissing I'd probably steam up his microscope which would be of no help to him in his work.

I feel awful about my feelings because I know it's insulting to anyone to be thought of as a sex object but it's bigger than me and besides, you printed the pictures and it would be less upsetting if your next epitome is equally smart and nice but considerably less cute.

On the other hand, Christmas is coming, and if you decide to do a centrefold, I for one would be pleased to see more of Bill Lewis and know that you would present him in your usual gay taste.

Now that I've spoken the love that dares not speak its name, I dare not give my name because I'd lose my job. My boss saw the issue too and is looking at retirement property in Winnipeg.
Insane with Lust
Vancouver

Socialist Perspective

Stuart Russell's review of the pamphlet *Gay Liberation in Canada — A Socialist Perspective*, raises a number of important issues worthy of discussion. Unfortunately, instead of promoting clarity, the tone and exaggerations of the article do a disservice to TBP readers.

We are, of course, discussing history now, as the League for Socialist Action/Ligue Socialiste Ouvrière whose views the pamphlet expressed no longer exists. In August the Revolutionary Marxist Group, Groupe Marxisté Révolutionnaire and the LSA/LSO fused

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Q107 TBP filed a complaint with the CRTC against Q107's action. The paper claims that the reasons given for refusing the ad are "inadequate and, in the final analysis, discriminatory" and calls on the Commission to take action. The Commission has responded that it has no power to influence Q107's decision. "There is no regulation on the books that require any station to broadcast material it does not choose to air," they say.

Glad Day Books is organizing a petition among Canadian publishers and is calling on them to fight "censorship on the book pages of the *Globe and Mail*." *Globe* publisher Maione is refusing to answer letters or return calls. There appears to be no way to attack him through the courts and he is responsible to no one for the decisions he makes, however arbitrary. Glad Day has approached the Ontario Human Rights Commission and TBP is preparing a letter to the Commission. The Commission cannot protect gays from discrimination under the present legislation, of course, and could only bring informal pressure to bear, assuming that it cared to. Historically, gays have been prevented from speaking to one another and reaching one another," says Michael Riordon of the gay TV group working with Rogers cable. The struggle to break down these barriers as they exist in Canada's media is apparently going to be a long one. □

Manitoba

Gays & Manitoba nix to Schreyer

On Tuesday October 11 voters in Manitoba ended 8 years of New Democratic Party rule. The NDP government was defeated with the victory going to the Progressive Conservative Party.

Most important election issues were defined by the major candidates to be "non-issue." Gay rights was such a non-issue.

Despite the bigotry of the Manitoba politicians, the Manitoba Gay Coalition (MGC) assigned an election committee to poll candidates on their attitudes in three areas: amendment to the Human Rights Act and other legislation to protect gay people from discrimination, protection of lesbians and gay men from arbitrary removal of children from parents solely on the basis of sexual orientation, and the extension of "spousal rights" to gay couples.

While the issue of gay rights did not receive great play in the press, a number of outbursts of homophobia by candidates did make the Coalition newsworthy in the last days of the campaign.

In Crescentwood constituency, Conservative Warren Stene, an incumbent member of legislature, responded to a question regarding the Human Rights Act and gay people with a simple no. I'm an Anita Bryant fan." In a public letter to Conservative leader Sterling Lyon, election committee chairman for the MGC, Walter Davis, demanded a response from the PCs as to their party position on gay rights.

"Our understanding of what it means to be an Anita Bryant fan," Davis wrote to Lyon, "is not solely to be opposed to reform of legislation as it affects homosexuals but to actively campaign to limit the civil liberties of gay people. Anita Bryant has also actively campaigned against equal rights for women."

The letter received coverage in the *Winnipeg Free Press* and inspired a question to Lyon on CJOJ radio to which he gave a non-committal answer. A small snub, I'll affect did not in after the Stene incident. Premier Schreyer was confronted at the University of Manitoba by Jeremy Bass of Gays for Equality. The NDP leader heckled Bass when he asked for a definite stand on gay rights. Schreyer finally said he would not be "bullied" to give such an answer.

Schreyer, in fact, became a bit 4/Body Politic

hysterical about the issue as he played to a small macho group in the audience. "I bear no animosity to those who may be in that condition," said Schreyer. The homophobes in the audience loved it. But Homest Ed went beyond himself: "It is not my impression that homosexuals are oppressed. I say I've got more important things to worry about."

While Schreyer was running off at the mouth, the NDP candidate rushed to assure MGC that they supported gay rights. The *Manitoba*, the university student paper, covered the exchange between Bass and Schreyer in a front page article alongside a pro-gay speech by Larry Johnson, Revolutionary Workers League (RWL) candidate in Osborne. The Schreyer comments also made headlines in the *Free Press*.

In the final days before the election, MGC hosted a one-hour television program on Public Access TV to interview party representatives and report on the result of the opinion survey. The PCs, the Socreds, and the Communist Party all declined to participate while the Liberals were unable to find anyone willing to appear.

Jill Oliver, NDP candidate in River Heights, and Heather Fletcher, speaking on behalf of the RWL, favourably listed a number of questions from the audience. Chris Vogel, host, explained the results of MGC's poll in a "For" and "Against" list. In the list of opponents, the election committee urged no gay votes for Stene, Sidney Green (NDP), Tim Turnbull (NDP), Bob Wilson (PC), and Premier Ed Schreyer, among others.

Two Conservative candidates and a number of NDPers were listed as "for" gay rights.

Only the Revolutionary Workers League candidates included gay liberation in their program and in their campaign material. A speech on gay liberation was included in the RWL's election rally.

In general, the Manitoba election gave gay liberation a higher profile in the province, allowing it to take advantage of a number of forums for debate.

Furthermore, the Manitoba Gays for Equality, actively served the police that gay people will not be ignored or silenced by politicians.

by Bill Fields
in After Stonewall

Vancouver

GATE goes to the Supreme Court

The Supreme Court of Canada will decide this month whether to hear the appeal of the Vancouver Gay Alliance Toward Equality (GATE) against the recent British Columbia Court of Appeal decision which upheld the right of the *Vancouver Sun* to refuse an ad for GATE newspaper Gay Today.

The appeal to the Supreme Court marks the high point of GATE's three-year battle with the *Sun*. A BC Human Rights Commission board of enquiry ordered the *Sun* to accept the ad after it was first refused, and a *Sun* appeal to the BC Supreme Court was dismissed. The paper then took the case to the BC Court of Appeal and was successful. That court said a policy motivated by honest bias was reasonable.

On October 17, Harry Kopyto representing GATE went to persuade the Supreme Court of Canada to hear the appeal. If the court decides the case merits judgment, the appeal will likely be heard next year.

GATE has appeared before the BC Court of Appeal to seek leave to have their case heard by the Supreme Court. The BC Court is empowered to order the *Sun* to accept the ad to hear the appeal. GATE is awaiting word on the Appeal Court's decision.

Gordon Gibson, Liberal leader in the BC legislature, is also urging the government to challenge the Appeals Court decision which, according to Gibson, is being used as a precedent by employers to discriminate against physically handicapped persons.

The BC Human Rights Commission

has voiced support for the appeal, though it has done so without the support of the Labour Minister. The BC Federation of Labour and the Vancouver Staff of Women Group have also supported GATE's efforts to have its case of anti-gay discrimination recognized by the courts and compensation granted.

GATE is conducting a fund-raising drive to help pay for the costs involved in the case. Thus far \$2,800 has been raised, mostly in private donations of \$5 to \$25. There has been some co-operation from gay clubs in this campaign too. Candy Dancer, a local disc, allowed GATE to set up an information kiosk at the club over a recent weekend and \$721 was raised in two nights.

Legal costs will be at least \$5,000. Those wishing to support the case can send donations to GATE at PO Box 463, Station A, Vancouver BC.

by Al Dunning

Windsor

Unions win gay rights

The Canadian Union of Public Employees (CUPE) local representing outdoor workers for the city of Windsor was successful in its last round of negotiating a contract which included a comprehensive clause prohibiting discrimination against city employees on the basis of sexual orientation.

The contract goes much further in the protection it provides than the city council resolution passed last winter. That resolution ignored the area of discrimination in job assignments which the CUPE contract specifically addressed.

Professors of the University of Windsor have also reached an agreement with the University administration in their first negotiated contract. Early in negotiations the professors refused a gay rights clause and refused to discuss the matter, stating that human rights must not be subject to bargaining. The new contract, which took two years to negotiate, states that sexual orientation clause as originally proposed.

by Jim Monk

Toronto

Police pooh-poo Halloween protest

The Toronto police have no power to force a mass of anti-gay bigots to disperse, so gay organizations should encourage gays to stay home on Halloween.

That was the reply to a letter sent by the Toronto Gay Alliance Toward Equality to police chief Harold Adamson, referring to the annual gathering in front of the St. Charles Tavern, a popular gay bar on the city's waterfront.

In the letter, GATE called the event a display of bigotry sanctioned by the authorities, suggested the police should prevent a crowd from forming and said organized gays would be there this year to protect gay interests. GATE also pointed out that the crowd could be nastier this year because of the Emmanuel Jacques murder in August, when the city's media stirred up a hate campaign by using the label "homosexual murder."

There was no written reply from Chief Adamson. An inspector from 52 Division, which covers the gay bar district, visited GATE president Brian Mossop and delivered the message verbally.

"It's like telling the city's East Asians that the solution to racial violence on the public transit system is for them not to use the public transit system," commented Mossop.

"The message was clear: if we did not ask gays to stay off the street right in their own community, we would be partly responsible if anything bad

happened. It's another case of blaming the victim for the crime, as when women are said to be 'asking for it' when they are raped."

GATE and other organizations in the city are going ahead with plans for a strong gay presence on Yonge St this Halloween.

McMurtry wants "speedy" Jacques trial

Preliminary hearings have begun in the case of four men charged with the murder of Emmanuel Jacques last summer. The trial is held in the first of a call by defence lawyers for a ban on publication of evidence was granted by Judge Vincent McKeown.

When questioned about the upcoming trial after a recent speech to the Downtown Businessmen's Association, Attorney General Roy McMurtry indicated that he was hoping for a "speedy trial" for the four charged with first degree murder. He also felt that allowing the case to drag on would encourage the "vigilante mentality."

"When asked if he would support a call for a return to capital punishment, McMurtry said that he would not. He also believed that a restoration of the death penalty would not accomplish very much."

by David Gibson

National

Phillips resigns, Damien defence continues

In late September Terry Phillips resigned his position as Chairperson of The Committee to Defend John Damien. He was the second to resign from the Committee's two-and-a-half-year history and held the position for a year.

The resignation follows what he referred to as attacks on his political and Gay Alliance Toward Equality on the principles of the Committee. In a written statement of resignation, Phillips said that in his opinion he saw no alternative but to resign."

He was referring to a recent TBP article, "Defending Damien" (see TBP no. 37) which argued that the committee needed a democratic structure and a clear focus on the gay aspects of the case.

At a meeting on October 6 at the Church Street Community Centre, Michael Lynch was elected interim Chairperson and David Gibson interim Secretary. At that meeting the constitution drawn up at last spring's Damien policy conference was adopted.

As the case continues, nationwide plans are being made for the Days of Protest for John Damien. Rally demonstrations, fundraising events and appearances by Damien himself will mark the two days in October.

Early in November a meeting will be held to discuss full strategy of the defence campaign. A second policy conference is expected some time after that. □

Damien protests plans in high gear

People across the country will be massing publicly for gay rights in the National Gay Rights Coalition's second national protest. On October 21 and 22 the Days of Protest for John Damien will be held in cities from coast to coast. Last February gays in six cities demonstrated against CBC discrimination that forbids public service advertisements for gay organizations.

The themes of this year's protest are "job security," "protection for lesbians and gay men in all human rights legislation," and "reinstatement for John Damien."

On Thanksgiving weekend John Damien began a series of cross-country appearances when he spoke in Halifax

at the first congress of Atlantic Canada gay and lesbian organizations. On October 19 he will appear on Peter Szowski show in Toronto. On October 21 he will be speaking in Edmonton, on October 22 in Vancouver and on October 25 in Ottawa. The reinstatement of John Damien is also a theme at a march during the first congress of Quebec gay organizations sponsored by l'Association pour les droits des pèlerins du Québec (ADPG) in Montreal on October 15.

Events are planned in smaller centres as well. In Windsor, for example, Windsor Gay Union has planned a picnic of the Provincial Government Building across the street from the city market for Saturday, October 22.

The willingness of a number of gay people to go public can be attributed in part to the holding of a recent GORO steering committee meeting in Windsor. The publicity, local involvement and issues discussed, as well as the presence of out-of-town activists, has encouraged members of the Windsor group and helped to expand the range of activities and numbers committed to the fight for gay rights.

by David Gibson

Ottawa

New Immigration Act not yet in force

Gay people will have to wait a little longer before they can benefit from the recent passage of the new Immigration Act.

The new Act drops the prohibition against homosexuals visiting or immigrating to Canada. However, the Act is not yet fully operative and won't be until early in 1978, or possibly even later.

In a letter to John Kypar of Boston, H. Johnson of the Department of Employment and Immigration says he can't do anything about Kypar's case until the new Act comes into effect. Johnson says the American activist whose exclusion from Canada helped fuel the gay movement's fight against the old immigration legislation. Johnson went on to say, "It is expected that the implementation will be very sometime between January 1 and April 1, 1978, however, this is not definite."

Kypar had written to enquire whether he would still have to obtain a ministerial permit each time he wanted to visit Canada.

Johnson's letter does little to clarify what Kypar's status will be once the new Act does come into effect. He says: "The particular clause under which your deportation was issued will no longer be part of current legislation and it is debatable at this point as to whether or not, when the Act becomes effective, you will continue to require the Minister's consent to enter Canada. It is not clear that you will need such consent and at the time of the Act becoming law, which will be advertised, and at your request, steps will be taken on your behalf to cancel the present requirement, which will remain during the transition period."

The National Gay Rights Coalition (NGRC) has written to Bud Cullen, Minister of Employment and Immigration Canada, to clarify Mr. Johnson's statement. NGRC is seeking assurances that people like Kypar, who were excluded under the old Act, will not need special permission to enter Canada once the new Act is effective.

NGRC will also demand that the new Act be made effective as quickly as possible.

Het stag bad vibes

Ottawa police raided a stag party September 23 and arrested eight people on counts of obscenity, gross indecency, assault and fighting.

The stag was being held by the Ottawa Senior Tour Football League. The police arrived just in time to break up a brawl involving about a third of the 200 people attending the stag.

According to police, everyone was scrambling on the tops of tables to get a

better view of "two girls performing sex acts on each other." The women were charged with gross indecency. The President and Vice President of the League were charged with allowing an obscene show. Police also seized several rolls of stag film and a vibrator.

Ontario

Court cool on custody

In what apparently constitutes the first reported instance in Ontario of judicial pronouncement on the subject of lesbians and child custody, a judge of the Supreme Court of Ontario has taken a tentative position against equal custody rights for lesbian mothers.

Mr. Justice Peter Cory of the High Court of Justice, in a recently reported case called *Wine v. Wine*, was considering allegations made by the father of three children aged 11, 9 and 7 that his wife was a lesbian and "exposed his sexuality." The judge stated that if the allegations were true, "then obviously it would have a detrimental effect upon the children and quite possibly the mother should not have custody."

The judge did not find it necessary to make a final decision on the matter, since the parties had submitted only affidavits and evidence had not appeared personally in court. He ruled that the questions of custody and of access to the children could not be settled without both mother and father appearing, testifying, and submitting to cross-examination.

In the course of this decision, he gave some indication that the wife, a doctor of psychology employed by the Ontario Institute for Studies in Education, had had a valid basis for leaving the matrimonial home in Waterloo, where her husband was a university professor. However, the judge ruled that this did not mean the wife had the right to take their children with her as she had done. Since the two parties, who had been married 14 years, obviously could not reach agreement on the custody question, it had to be settled judicially.

Despite the judge's apparent opinions on lesbianism, he granted interim custody to the wife until the trial, at which the issue of permanent custody will be argued and tried. Although not strictly binding on other judges, Cory's remarks about the "detrimental" effects on children of a parent's lesbianism are very open and frank, particularly since this is the first reported case in Ontario in which the issue is discussed at all.

by Paul Trollip

Brandon

Brandon organizes

A new gay organization has been formed in Manitoba. The group was organized by a small group of women and men who wanted to establish a support community for the gay people of Brandon and the surrounding area.

Gay Friends of Brandon held its first meeting on September 2 at a private home, with regular meetings to be held approximately every three weeks. A post-box has been procured, and a phone-line set up, with both these services advertised in the local daily, and the university newspaper. These have both proved to be very effective ways of reaching out to people.

At this point, the original group has more than doubled, including some people who have just come out. The next get-together is planned as a pot-luck supper.

The group may be contacted by writing c/o PO Box 432, Brandon, MB, R7A 5Z4, or phoning 204-725-0930.

MORE NEWS

on page 20

Torch turns on the gas

An Arkansas-based "White Christian" newspaper called *The Torch* has editorials urging the passage of gay people. The editorial published in the July issue devoted to homosexuality, is virtually identical to a recorded phone message of Ku Klux Klan bookshops in Pasadena, California and Houston, Texas. The principal difference in the two statements is that while the KKK message urged the term "homosexuals," *The Torch* editorial refers to "faggot slime."

Both the editorial and the recorded message and with the statement, "The law of God states the death penalty for homosexuals and when God's laws are again in force the death penalty is what it will be."

from Gay Community News

\$100,000 raised, Perry ends fast

Reverend Troy Perry, founder of the Universal Fellowship of Metropolitan Community Churches, ended his sixteen day fast after raising \$100,000 in cash and pledges. Reverend Perry had promised to continue the fast until he raised that sum of money in order to fight the proposed Briggs initiative that would ban openly gay teachers from California public schools. The \$100,000 will go to an organization called the California Fund for Human Dignity, which has been organized specifically to fight the proposed initiative.

from Gay Community News

Bombay group formed

A Gay Liberation Front has been formed in Bombay. It is the first gay organization to be formed in India, where homosexuality is illegal. A spokesperson at the Indian High Commission in London commented that homosexuality is regarded as a "very serious offence" which can in some cases be punishable by life imprisonment. Bombay GLF claims that gays have been beaten up and sexually assaulted upon arrest. The group is demanding police protection against such assaults, and against police officers who steal the belongings of arrested gays and demand bribes.

from Gay News

Vatican silences McNeill

Father John McNeill, SJ, noted Roman Catholic moral theologian and author of *The Church and the Homosexual*, has once again been silenced by the Vatican.

The order to silence parallels a similar 1973 command which delayed publication of McNeill's book for two years. McNeill was told that he is not to speak publicly on homosexuality or sexual ethics and that the *Impresso* Review, a designation from the Church allowing a work to be printed, is to be removed from all further editions of the book. McNeill's extensive lecturing on homosexuality and the position that he has presented has, according to Church leaders, led him to raise false hopes in the gay community that the Church might change its teaching on homosexuality.

We get no kick from Champaign

Wichita, Kansas and Champaign, Illinois have become the 40th and 41st cities in the US to pass civil rights ordinances protecting gay people from discrimination.

from Gay Community News

Sociologists slap Anita

On September 7, in a direct reference to the Anita Bryant campaign, the American Sociological Association officially condemned efforts to undermine the civil rights of gay people through the distortion of sociological concepts and the falsification of research.

The culmination of a year's effort on the part of the Sociologists' Gay Caucus, the resolution passed by a voice vote. It also called for further

"research, publication, and teaching in the sociology of homosexuality" and established a task force to investigate discrimination within the discipline against gay people and gay research. A resolution supporting employment protection for gay people has been on the books since 1969. Similar resolutions were also passed in September by the Society for the Study of Social Problems.

Those interested in the work of the Sociologists' Gay Caucus are urged to contact: SGC, 440 East 87th Street, New York, N.Y., USA, 10028.

Women leave CHE

The women of Britain's Campaign for Homosexual Equality (CHE) say they can no longer work within the organization and will step up their own national campaign to be known as the National Organization for Gay Women. The announcement was made at CHE's annual conference in September.

Nikki Henriques, CHE's Women's Organizer, told the conference, "It is lack of support that forces women to leave CHE. We are not alone. You are not losing us. We will be autonomous but we will be alongside."

from Gay News

Anti-gay crusader all squeezed out?

Anita Bryant, reportedly weary of hostile demonstrations wherever she goes, is temporarily retiring as an anti-gay crusader.

Bryant, in a recent speech, did not mention gays. She asserted that divorce, runaways, alcohol, drugs and child pornography are destroying the family and the country.

A source close to Bryant said "Three things count to her. Her talent agency, her contract with the Florida Citrus Commission, and her contract with First Federal Savings Bank of Miami."

from GPU News

Supreme Court, supreme injustice

The U.S. Supreme Court recently refused to rule on a State of Washington legal decision that a teacher could be fired simply because he is gay. The Supreme Court has refused to rule on any gay rights case since 1967 when it said that homosexual foreigners could be deported as persons "afflicted with a psychopathic personality."

NAACP head supports gay rights

The new head of the NAACP, Benjamin Hooks, declared on CBS TV's *Face the Nation*: "The gay rights movement has some strong and striking similarities to the black movement," and expressed his support for gay rights.

from GPU News

Anti-homosexual fascists portrayed in film

On September 22, the *New York Times* reported that the film *A Special Day* Sophia Loren's co-star, Marcello Mastroianni, plays a homosexual.

The friendship between Loren's character and the homosexual was hinted at in the bud, however, when he is taken away by Fascist agents."

Interviewed by the *Times*, Ms. Loren said "Things like that really happened. It was forbidden to be a homosexual. The people who belonged to the (Italian Fascist) party had to be what they called real men. Homosexuals were sent to concentration camps in the south Italy."

Out of the closet, into the ring

Reno, Nevada's second Gay Rodeo was recently announced by a sign over the entrance to the Washoe County Fairgrounds as a "gay oriented event."

One closeted bronco buster, winner of an All American Cowboy award, declared he was "going to be there. If they find out I'm gay on the rodeo circuit, my career will be ruined. It took a lot of courage to be here, and I'm still nervous."

from GPU News

Body Police/5

Inside Outside

The fight goes on

With Downcast Gays

Aspects of homosexual self-oppression

by Andrew Hodges
and
David Hutter



On the inside: Andrew Hodges and David Hutter look at internalized oppression. The kind that makes us "pass" — keep ourselves in line. It's ultimate expression — "I'm not oppressed." **With Downcast Gays** is the first booklet published by Pink Triangle Press (the publisher of *The Body Politic*). It's the book that could change your view of the world and your place in it.

The Pink Triangle

During the Third Reich in Germany, the Nazis developed a unique and effective system for identifying the various undesirable and "enemies of the state" registered in concentration camps. Each group had to wear an identifying symbol sewn to its clothing. One group was singled out by pink triangles worn point down on the left arm of the jacket and on the right pant leg.

These were the homosexuals. Tens of thousands wore this symbol to their deaths in the gas chambers and forced labour camps of Nazi Germany.

On the outside: Oppression is always there. It was there in the Nazi death camps when thousands of homosexuals were exterminated. To identify us in the camps they tagged us with pink triangles just as they tagged the Jews with yellow stars of David.

Today many of us are wearing that symbol again. By choice, and with pride. We wear it as a symbol of the history that other hands have tried to obliterate, the history that we must recover. It is also a reminder of where gay oppression can lead if we neglect the active struggle for our rights.

Yes, it's my fight

Send me:

- ☐ With Downcast Gays I enclose \$1.35
☐ A pink triangle pin I enclose \$1.75

Name: _____

Address: _____

Send this form with cash or money order to:
Pink Triangle Press, Box 639, Station A, Toronto, Ontario
CANADA M5W 1G2

Continued from page 3

to launch a new pan-Canadian organization: the Revolutionary Workers League/Ligue Ouvrière Révolutionnaire.

Yet Stuart, instead of sticking to the facts of the pamphlet, dives off into some tortured speculations and gloomy crystal ball gazing about the RWL/LOR. First, Stuart seems to imply that the LSA position has been adopted by the RWL and that, somehow, with the publication of the LSA pamphlet, lesbians and gays formerly in the RMG were "brought into line" and future discussion "short circuited." These far-fetched assumptions have no basis in fact. To begin with, the pamphlet does not reflect the present position of the RWL. There are important unresolved differences and a wide spectrum of opinions on lesbian and gay liberation in the new organization. Some members would agree with many of the points raised by Stuart, while others would not; many are undecided and open minded.

Recognizing the importance of the lesbian and gay question, the RWL is putting a high priority on conducting a wide ranging discussion on lesbian and gay liberation. We welcome the comments and suggestions of all lesbian and gay militants. However, if we wish to get anywhere, the discussion must be on the basis of factual accuracy and the absence of sectarianism. In our view, Stuart's contribution falls short of such basic standards as it gives a somewhat distorted view of the issues.

For example, his suggestion that the LSA's position was no more radical than the NDP's is denied by many actions of the LSA, such as the candidacy of Thérèse Faubert in the last Ontario elections. There were problems with the discussions on gay liberation in both the LSA and RMG. But the picture of conscious conspiracy against a fuller discussion which Stuart paints borders on pandering to anti-communist sentiments. It blends so well with the

stereotype prejudices of "how Reds operate," and how they lay Stuart again charges), "opportunistically" infiltrate movements for their own shadowy ends, etc.

This is not to suggest the Left has a shining image historically in responding to gay oppression. The organizations which came together to found the RWL/LOR have the best record in Canada for genuine support of lesbian and gay liberation — yet here too valid criticisms could be made and shortcomings pointed out. The new organization could conceivably make mistakes in the future. But the point we all must confront is this: How will full gay liberation come about? What changes are necessary and how will they be made? A massive and actively mobilized gay movement is a big part of the answer — but is this the end of the story? Stuart's claim that it is "sectarian" to call on people to also join and build a socialist organization, coupled with his dismissal of the RWL/LOR in advance, seems to deny the importance, or perhaps even the necessity, of building a revolutionary party. Perhaps this is where we part ways the most.

An autonomous gay movement, although absolutely necessary, will be unable to bring about lesbian and gay liberation by its efforts alone. We feel nothing less than a socialist revolution is required. Thus for us a revolutionary workers party with a position in active support of gay and lesbian liberation is a must.

To Stuart the emergence of the RWL seemed to signify "the end of a discussion that never was." Somehow he's missed the boat, for really that was only part of a beginning... We hope TBP readers will bring their experiences and ideas to bear right from the outset, for the issues involved are of direct relevance to every gay and lesbian.

Ouncan McLean Thérèse Faubert
Andrea Goh Gary Kinsman
Toronto



My name is John Damien

Two years ago, I was fired from my job as a racing steward. I was told it was because I am a homosexual.

That's all; even my employers said I had been doing a good job. And I'd been in the horse racing business for over twenty years.

I'm fighting back. I want my job back, and I've sued my employers for wrongful dismissal. The case is crawling through the courts. It's been two years now, and my lawyers tell me it's going to be a long fight.

I couldn't have come this far alone. The gay movement in Canada has been behind me all the way, providing financial support and a lot of encouragement. But a lot of donations have come from individuals right across Canada who see that my fight has implications for gay people everywhere and in all walks of life.

I want to take this opportunity to thank you. I wish I could thank each and every one of you individ-

ually but that isn't possible. So let this be a warm and heartfelt thanks to all.

I also want to ask for your continued support. From the beginning it hasn't been me against the Ontario Government — it's been us. You've been fighting with me and through me for a victory that can mean job security for all. Let's keep going. I'm willing to go all the way — right to the Supreme Court if necessary. But I need your backing.

Please continue sending your donations. The Committee to Defend John Damien acknowledges all of them and sends a receipt for each one. The amount of your donation and your name are kept strictly private — neither ever becomes part of any public list.

Once again — my thanks. And my pledge to continue this fight until we've won.

Please make all cheques payable to: The Committee to Defend John Damien. Mail to: The Committee to Defend John Damien, P.O. Box 117, Stn V, Toronto, M6R 1A4.

How a steam bath becomes a bawdyhouse

"Scanty" evidence and "undercover" agents

"After accidentally reading this book of f/d's, I fell on my knees and thanked God that Canada is far away!"
— Anita D'Amico
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A gay steam bath is a common bawdy house, and a baths manager may be sentenced to a two-year jail term upon conviction.

That is the ruling of the Quebec Court of Appeal, the province's highest court, in a badly reasoned but precedent-setting decision upholding the 1976 conviction of Harold Walsh, the former manager of the Aquarius sauna in Montreal.

The court, the same one which upheld the original abortion convictions of Dr. Henry Morgentaler, is not noted for its legal acumen. Mr. Justice G.H. Montgomery, writing the only opinion, failed to deal with the complicated legal issues raised by a bawdy house case. He elected instead simply to review the evidence and the findings of the trial court, and to conclude that gay sex was in fact occurring in the Aquarius. This done, he upheld Walsh's conviction on the indictable offence charge of being the keeper of a common bawdy house, and dismissed the appeal.

The other two judges (Mr. Justice Turgeon and Mr. Justice Belanger) merely concurred with Mr. Justice Montgomery, and did not express any opinions of their own.

The judgment apparently ends a two-and-a-half year legal battle which began in January 1975 when Montreal's Community police first visited the Aquarius, in the guise of ordinary bath patrons. They continued their surveillance in this way for nine days, and on February 4, 1975 raided the baths, seized a number of articles, and arrested Walsh and a number of found-in.

Walsh, who described himself as an accountant, was originally convicted in Montreal Municipal Court on February 1975. It is not known what sentence was imposed, although the offence carries a maximum sentence of two years imprisonment.

Health club?

Instead of examining the bawdy house laws and directing his attention to the meaning of "a place resorted to for the practice of acts of indecency" (the legal criterion for establishing a place as a common bawdy house), Mr. Justice Montgomery discussed whether or not the Aquarius was a bona fide sauna and health club. He accepted most of the police evidence that facilities in the public rooms (sauna, showers, and so on) were inadequate and in poor repair, and noted Walsh's own admissions that some of the equipment was out of order and that the bawdy equipment was "scanty". Montgomery added that the Aquarius appeared to have been operated "on a strictly commercial basis and to have been open to the public generally".

The court also accepted police testimony as to what occurred on the premises. The police officers took rooms, placed themselves in towels, and cruised in basically the same way as the real clients. At times the judge's account of police evidence is unconsciously funny: "...clients generally made little use of these facilities but rather wandered about the corridors, sometimes completely naked, or lay on their backs in provocative attitudes with the doors open. From time to time two men would retire to a room, and the door would be closed. Occasionally a door would be left open, so that a woman had been able to see two men indulging in sexual activities. It was clear that there was much more going on in the roomettes than in the gymnasium."

Confronted with the contradictions in police testimony, which formed the basis for one of the grounds of appeal, the judge merely noted that all the officers could not be in the same place at the same time, and observed that the police "were obliged to make their

investigations while clad only in a towel, which must have added to the difficulty of taking notes."

The judge was also intrigued by the fact that a lubricant was sold in large quantities but saw the check-in counter in his reasons for judgment he quoted in full the advertising circular issued by the lubricant manufacturers, referring to its ability to "enable users to participate in the sexual freedom of the swinging seventies." This, the judge said, left little to the imagination "as to the purpose for which this lubricant was intended."

On the basis of the police testimony, the fact that homosexual magazines were available for sale on the premises, and the testimony of one of the baths' former employees (who testified to having seen men having sex and to having had sex with a client himself on one occasion), the judge concluded that the circumstances were incompatible with any intention to operate a bona fide health and sauna club. He said it was dismissed that Walsh, the manager, did not know the purposes for which the place was being used. He agreed with the trial judge that the premises were being used "as a rendezvous where homosexuals could find partners for the performance of indecent acts, and facilities for such activities," and that Walsh had opened the Aquarius in order to "promote the practice of homosexuality."

No Challenge

Part of the problem with the case was that Walsh did not challenge the bawdy house laws or their misuse in the prosecution of gay baths. Nor did he seriously contest the evidence or methods of the police. His defence was that the Aquarius was operated for legitimate purposes as a sauna and health club, and that if there were certain "irregular activities of a sexual nature occurring on the premises," he was not aware of them.

With such a weak and obviously false defence, it was not surprising that the court failed to come up with a decent judgment — it was not challenged to do so. Until the bawdy house laws are fought head-on by a courageous baths manager, owner or found-in, we will be left with the precedent that the baths are bawdy houses within the meaning of the Criminal Code. Baths will continue to be raided and closed in various cities, patrons humiliated and prosecuted and their names published in the press. In the last two years bawdy house charges have been laid against almost 200 persons in Montreal alone. It is time to properly fight these ridiculous laws.

Definitions?

To use Mr. Justice Montgomery's expression, his legal analysis in this case was "scanty". In fact, the decision is an insult to judicial reasoning. The judge admitted there was no evidence of prostitution, but apparently agreed with the Crown's contention that all that had to be proved was that the premises

were kept and resorted to for the practice of acts of indecency. The judge did not address himself seriously to the contradictions in the police testimony, and did not question police "undercover" tactics.

But more importantly, the judge did not address himself to the ridiculous definition of "common bawdy house" in the Criminal Code. Taken literally, it allows one to be prosecuted for resorting to one's own home for the practice of "acts of indecency".

It is quite obvious that Parliament did not intend this anomalous result. Either the bawdy house laws are completely void because of their vagueness and nonsensical nature (an argument could easily be made that they are offensive to the provisions of the Canadian Bill of Rights), or else one must search for a new and more satisfactory definition of what Parliament meant by "acts of indecency". The judge did not address these questions. He also ruled it immaterial that an argument could easily be made that they are offensive to the provisions of the Canadian Bill of Rights, or else one must search for a new and more satisfactory definition of what Parliament meant by "acts of indecency". The judge did not address these questions. He also ruled it immaterial that an argument could easily be made that they are offensive to the provisions of the Canadian Bill of Rights, or else one must search for a new and more satisfactory definition of what Parliament meant by "acts of indecency".

Thus the courts have failed once again to analyze the contradiction between the bawdy house laws and the sexual offence provisions of the Criminal Code. If the acts in which one is engaged are no longer criminal, how can someone be prosecuted for allowing them to take place or for being in a local where they take place?

The National Gay Rights Coalition recently adopted, as part of its overall program dealing with the Criminal Code, a demand that all the bawdy house laws be repealed.

Meanwhile, police repression in Montreal has continued unabated. Almost all baths frequented by gays have been closed down — or have burned down under mysterious circumstances. Most of the city's stores selling sexually-oriented literature and goods have been raided and closed by police. Incidents of intimidation, entrapment and arrests in parks, bars and washrooms have been continually increasing.

The precedent set by the Quebec Court of Appeal in the Walsh-Aquarius case has important and serious implications for gays and gay baths across Canada. Although an appeal of the decision to the Supreme Court of Canada is possible, *The Body Politic* is not aware of any such appeal being instituted. The court's decision must be seen as an attack on gay people and as yet another example of the almost nonexistent protection we have under the law.

Police are sure to seize on the decision as a green light to proceed with other bawdy house charges still pending.

by John Blacklock and Paul Trollope



The ever-obliging Peter Crisp

The Naked Civil Servant is eager to please. But always, somehow, on his own terms.

by Rick Bébout

The man in the elevator is surprisingly prim. True, the big black hat is a bit flamboyant and the hair sweeping from beneath the brim is tinted a faint lilac. There is a touch of mascara. But the grand manner I might have anticipated simply isn't there. Riding up to *The Body Politic's* office we exchange pleasantries — the clanking, utilitarian lift is just like a coal mine, except that we're going up," he notes. The voice is carefully paced; he calls it "an insinuating blend of eagerness and caution in which even such words as 'Hello' and 'Goodbye' seem not to be so much uttered as coaxed." What I catch mostly is the kind of sprightly twinkle that might expect from an aged and slightly loquacious helpful public librarian.

Quentin Crisp's name isn't exactly a household word in North America — yet. His autobiography, *The Naked Civil Servant*, originally published in England in 1968, has only this year been released here. Hot, Rinehart & Winston in New York has just picked it up for American publication. In 1975, the book was made into a ninety-minute Thames Television program, a number of gay groups here have screened the film, but it remained relatively unknown until aired late in September — and late at night — by the CBC. Visiting North America for the first time, Crisp is interviewed on a Toronto talk show by a nervous and clumsy Peter Gzowski: "And you were a prostitute yourself?" Gzowski purbles. Crisp answers in a polite little croon, "Yees." It's enough.

The media have discovered him (or he them), and gradually he's becoming known to an ever-wider circle. "In an expanding universe," Crisp says in the book, "time is on the side of the outcast. Those who once inhabited the suburbs of human contempt find that without changing their address they come to live in the metropolises. In my case this took a very long time." The one-time hustler is sixty-eight years old.

It is not that the world has failed to notice him up to now; living as "not only a self-confessed homosexual but also a self-evident one," he has been anything but ignored. "Blind with mascara and dumb with lipstick," paraded the streets of Piccadilly with her overcoat wrapped around me as though it were a tailless ermine cape," he writes. "Sometimes I wore a fringe so deep that it completely obscured the way ahead. This hardly mattered. There were always others to look where I was going." And not just look. He has been severely beaten three or four times in his life and otherwise abused almost every day. "The mysterious thing in all such occurrences was not that strangers, sometimes without a word being uttered on either side, attacked me. It was that they never killed me."

We settle into the circle of well-worn chairs at one end of the office — Crisp, the representative from his Canadian distributor, the three or four people working in the office who leave their hats to come listen, and myself. Coffee? No, it seems these publicity jaunts become an endless routine of eating and gulping. One must be careful. But he tries to oblige in whatever way he can. "It would have been very difficult to get E.M. Forster to run around Bedford Square in a funny hat, but I've got the hat, and so I said, 'Which way do you?' " He demands a particular chair, a tape recorder, a few pictures — are minimal.

In an interview in *Gay News* you say that "People are not for teaching, they are not for improving, they are not for ruling. They are for wallowing in."

Yes, that's right, that is exactly as it should be. For some people, it is easiest to keep what seems a desirable state of affairs going by pushing people around into blocks. This I resisted, and it is miraculous that I've stayed alive. I suppose I'm among the people who dispose of their affection in breadth rather than in depth. I can't imagine making my life over to some one person; I try to be, as it were, infinitely available. A woman on television asked two people all the questions you're supposed to ask two homosexuals, and then inquired whether it was true that

I only tried to do it with a certain amount of gloss. It was a way of staying alive — on my own terms.

Most people would just as soon stay alive on everybody else's terms, if necessary, wouldn't they? And that's what you didn't do.

Well, it is quite true that I didn't do it, but I can't quite explain why. It involved me in various things that were not at all praiseworthy. I made a protest largely for my own sake. To live is to revolt.

That was behind a lot of what you were doing, wasn't it? That conscious desire to say that you were there and that people couldn't ignore your existence?

Well, the real desire was to warn people. The humiliating circumstances

you've actually spoken, and quite calmly, very little happens. The gay movement has this dream that I was a militant. Now I'm able to say, you've seen the program, you know I'm not. You've seen a whole program an hour and a half long in which someone says "If you like... Very well... Whatever you say." How can anyone persist in saying that I'm a militant?

There was one thing in *The Naked Civil Servant* that troubled me. You were talking about having been beaten up in the street and you say that if your attackers' aim was to get you to accept their superiority then the brawl was a complete waste of time, because you already did. You say that you regarded



two men find it difficult to have a lasting relationship together. They both immediately embarked upon a very articulate explanation of the forces that keep married couples together and that work against gay couples. Neither of them said, "Maxim I am happy to say that due to our temperament and the view that the world has of us, we have escaped forever from the damp dark prison of eternal love." Neither of them said that I think homosexuality can be creative in this sense. Those who have a creative view of society can use it more freely if they're outsiders, if they're looking at things from without. However, it is important to get people to see that though you claim to be different, you do not claim to be better.

Do you claim to be worse?

I accept that I'm more inadequate. I don't think this is part of being gay. I think it's part of being me. I am totally useless and always have been. When I was a child my ambition was to be a chronic invalid. And for this I had a certain flair. But, of course, my parents decided that it wouldn't do as a career because it would be too expensive. Now, I could get a grant!

But you haven't really been useless. You have provided, for some people anyway, an example of one way to be in the world as a homosexual without hiding it.

Yes. But I must be careful not to say that I am in the nature of a pioneer. I think I did what I couldn't help doing.

in which I existed for sixty years were still better than a more humiliating situation in which I might have had people say, "If I did know, I would never have let him into the house." Now this would have been, for me, more worrying.

Why would that have worried you more?

Because then I would have had my whole life on false pretenses. I would have had employment, hospitality and friendship that were really meant for somebody else of the same name.

So you were saying that people had to accept you or not accept you on the basis of what you clearly were.

That's right. It was all a leper's bell. And it worked. They did say, "He's got leprosy, we won't speak to him, we won't employ him." And that's fine. They have the right to do this.

But to what extent? To the extent that you can't live your life? You did have to eat, to have a job and live somewhere.

Yes, that was part of it. I wanted to be seen to be someone having to live. I wanted to be seen going to the laundry and collecting my clothes and going to the restaurant and eating. And I tried to accommodate the world as best I could. I've actually sat on buses where people would move away and I've said, "If you like, I will get out at the next stop, but even people like me cannot walk everywhere."

What was the reaction?

They were absolutely stunned. Once

"all heterosexuals, however low, as superior to any homosexual, however noble."

Well yes, I think we have to accept, as gracefully as possible, the idea of being a minority, and never adopt attitudes that are militant. Students at the London School of Economics once said that they had not ruled out the idea of force as a means of getting what they wanted. Now, if force were to be used on both sides, a square mile around the school would be cleared, the army would be brought in, and every student would die. That is the ultimate use of force. Some of the police and some of the soldiers and some civilians might die as well, but every student would die. So, when you say that we haven't ruled out the use of force, you are relying on the benignity of the institutions that you are criticizing. They will always have more force.

Couldn't you be militant without resorting to force? Isn't it a matter of tactics?

Yes, perhaps it is only a degree: how militant shall we be? But certainly a great deal of marching and protesting is a mistake. Protesting in London is now a fad. If bacon is tuppence dearer in the local supermarket, "We will march!" This is absolute nonsense. All that happens is that the police get angrier and angrier at having their free time taken up by what they see as worthless. You're only annoying the world.

Television is a sanctifying element. It is the only medium I can think of by means of which you could become a virgin.



We break, allowing Quentin Crisp to look around the office and see what we do. ("Whenever I do any of these public things I try to get others to speak to me as well, otherwise it's very boring for them, to not be able to say, 'What rubbish this is!'") The Canadian Gay Archives please him: he autographs the collection's copy of *The Naked Civil Servant*. Gerald asks him to pose for a few more formal photographs and it is then that the life class models, the actor in character, comes out — it is the grand manner indeed, with a haughty gaze down into the camera lens. "Did you realize, Mr Crisp," Gerald asks, "that you were in a nest of militants?"

He simply smiles.



Quentin Crisp, of course, annoyed the world for years. Crowds following along the street would become so thick that those at the back were not even able to see what the attraction was. More than once the police intervened. Crisp reports, lighting their way through to him: "And they'd say, 'Oh, it's you again,' and then turn back to the crowd and shout, 'It's nothing, go home, it's nothing' — rather insulting, really." He still does it. The reactions are not as great now, but they're still there. Two of us are to go to lunch with him and Sharon Budd, the representative from Colson Publishers. Ms Budd suggests the CN Tower.

The setting could have been so civil. The Tower is instead relentlessly suburban shopping mall/midway — it's Thanksgiving Day, we've forgotten, the place is packed. Here we see that Quentin Crisp has not lost the power to attract attention. People no longer follow, but their eyes still do. We pass two toughs, one agog, the other oblivious. The first jabs the second, "Get this get this get this" — and he gets it. Crisp says it through it all: "I learned to look at no one without invitation, to speak to no one until spoken to first." I try to guess whether he notices even the occasional pretty boy, from all appearances he doesn't.

Lunch may be delayed because of the crowds. Ms Budd goes to check while we stand looking at a huge array of TV monitors showing just what, at that moment, the Tower is beaming out.

Has your life been changed by the television program?

Since the film was made I've really gone on with my life in exactly the same way, saying the same things, working in the same job — I still work as a model. But television is a sanctifying element. It is the only medium I can think of by means of which you could become a virgin. It doesn't matter what you do, in my own case, everyone who has seen that program has seen a saga of human depravity. But this does not mean that people avoid me or cast down their eyes. Instead, they cross over the road at the risk of their own lives in order to say, "I saw you on the telly." And they never say, "What the hell do you think you're doing?"

Even the *vie de Bohème* has its snobbery. I went to a pub, one where I've been in danger for a lifetime of being turned out, and the man behind the bar came out and took my hand and in French said, "Oh, welcome Mr Crisp, make yourself at home." And I said, "You'll have to start all over now because I don't understand any French." You see, it was all only because I'd been on television. It's all been sanctified.

It's all been made safe, hasn't it?

Because it has all been said it is already safe, yes. This is the wonderful thing about television: once it's been said and been seen, everyone will know it. There will be no danger anymore. This I look forward to.

Should we all go on television, then?

Everybody should go on to television. This is absolutely essential. Wherever I go, I say keep a diary, write a book, go on to television. And you will find you are redeemed — no matter what has happened.

Lunch at the CN Tower is not only delayed, it's cancelled. There isn't time to wait. Quentin Crisp is to be interviewed at 2:00 by Don Harron for CBC radio. If you want to get on to television, you should begin with radio. Make sure you say a great deal about how you look. "Ms Budd has scouted the phone listings for something fast and simple and suggest the Courtyard Cafe. I am tempted to suggest something simpler still — anything — but I resist."

The Courtyard is loud under its massive glass-and-steel canopy, ringing oddly like similar spaces at the CN Tower. But there the simplicity was functional. Here it is chic. The crowd is different too: there are no reactions here, not at least that are obvious. Mr Crisp's coat is politely taken and we are seated. The woman beside us displays, by the preferred angle of her hand, a large diamond. These people can afford to tolerate one odd man in their midst. They are on their own turf and have been taught, after all, not to get rattled.

Do you think people are afraid of you?

Well, they have no need, no one could be milder.

No, not you personally, but what you represent?

Well, when the law was about to be changed in England in the late sixties there was a woman who came onto television and said, "But once you've done that, they will be everywhere!" She was really frightened.

She didn't realize that "they" were already everywhere.

No. The feeling was, for the moment we're at least safe. Wherever they are, they're in places where we can't see them. But supposing they come out into the streets?

But you broke the code, you didn't I say in the cells.

No. I didn't, that's true. I wanted to be in the world at almost any price. I didn't want to stay by myself.

Didn't you think you had a right to be out in the streets?

I doubt whether anyone has any rights. After all, you talk out of your mother's womb, crawl across open country and flop into your grave. Where do your rights come from? We live by our concessions. I try to remember every day that I live by kind permission of the universe.

But can't you say that you live by right of the fact that you exist and that you are going to carve out a piece of that universe for yourself?

Well, I think we should never be heard saying it, though it's hard not to think it. But nobody has the right to exist. You just do, and you cling on while you can. As soon as you start claiming rights out of the air, that's when it gets difficult. Do you understand that?

Yes, I do, but all around you there are people claiming rights out of the air by virtue of the power they have to do it. I think that's what you meant when you talked about the superiority of heterosexuals — not that they are superior or inferior, but that they have the right to do what they want in the world because they have the power to force that right.

That's right, yes. The world belongs to them.

Doesn't any of it belong to you?

No. None of it belongs to me, it's all a favour.

We say our goodbyes outside the restaurant. Quentin Crisp is whisked off to the CBC, after that there is a book signing and from there, other interviews. Wednesday he would be in New York "to roll at the feet" of a producer who is thinking of making *The Naked Civil Servant* into a musical. By now I see why I could become one, why it could be a film, why Quentin Crisp, unlike most of us, could indeed get on to television. Quentin Crisp will not offend. Quentin Crisp is safe.

"It is all a favour. I live by kind permission of the universe." No need to ask whose universe, or how brutal it can be and still be "kind." The other cheek has been turned and turned and turned and there will never be any other reaction.

Maybe. We asked him whether he was glad, considering his views on militancy, to have seen the gay movement develop at all. "Oh yes," he said, "I thought it was marvellous. If there's anyone in the world who can't step out the door without failing over the fact that he's homosexual, then the answer is: Now there is someone I can ring up, now there is somewhere I can go. If there had been a place like that anywhere when I was 18 or 19, I would have run all the way."

But there wasn't. Instead, Quentin Crisp faced the world alone, forced at every turn to submit to the straight world's power. He shies away from the use of force because he is intimately acquainted with its application. It hurts. He has spent a lifetime ducking the blow, evading the confrontation: "If you wish... Whatever you say."

Is it possible that all of this has left him with nothing more than a lukewarm desire to be "nice?"

At the end of *The Naked Civil Servant*, his "obituary in serial form with the last instalment missing," he answers: "By constituting myself the one among the many I had provoked the worst behaviour in others. In this I felt compelled to deal politically. This wrought no change in the character of my enemies, but caused the total disintegration of my own."

He asks himself what he has missed. Love and fame are written off in a few words. But: "Power is what I craved most reverently... I wanted dominion over others in order to receive the balance. A lifetime of being constantly at the mercy of others left me crushed and seething with a desire for tyranny."

Earlier in the day he had joked about a promise he had to sign in order to get permission to enter the United States. It was a promise that he would not attempt to overthrow the government. □

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A Plea to Gay Toilers in Ontario's Last Election

The Ontario election last June was an exciting one for gay people. More gays got involved than ever before. For many it was their first time out—in all senses of that word.

The reason? Gay Rights? The realization that a community whose basic human rights are not only not protected in law, but trampled upon with impunity. Anita Bryant's hate campaign was also a contributing factor in raising the gay people's consciousness.

Those were the good parts. The bad is that nothing else changed as a result of the election. So our work is still cut out for us, with the major task of changing the Ontario Human Rights Code to include "sexual orientation" as a category for no discrimination. If reactions to the Commission's recommendations on this are any indication, the fight will not be easy.

Attempts will probably be made to exclude certain unions—teachers and child care workers, for example—from protection under the revised code. Such compromises are unacceptable.

The government, alone with the other parties, will continue to do nothing or pass bad legislation as long as they think the entire gay community is still in the closet. As part of the program of the Coalition of Gay Rights Groups in Ontario to get the Commission's recommendations, we appeal to all of you who took some part, however small, in last June's election to write your MP and ever shall, in last June's election. Let them know how you feel about gay rights. Remember: your vote is just as good as a straight vote.

In this way, we can prove to the powers-that-be, we really are a minority that can no longer be ignored. We can prove to the powers-that-be, we are a community that really are a minority that can no longer be ignored. We can prove to the powers-that-be, we are a community that really are a minority that can no longer be ignored. We can prove to the powers-that-be, we are a community that really are a minority that can no longer be ignored.

GAY RIGHTS AMENDMENT FUND
c/o Coalition of Gay Rights Groups in Ontario
193 Carlton St. M5A 2K7
Toronto, Ont.

Media madness

and lesbian images



In July, Canada's women's magazine of the decade, *Chatelaine*, published an article — "Gay Women: A Minority Report." It tried to evoke liberal sympathy from readers by convincing them that lesbians are "normal," by-and-large discreet, and really harmless. (If you can overlook what it is that makes us lesbians, that is.)

In August, every dyke's favourite publication, *Vogue*, out-did them with an article entitled: "Who's Afraid of Lesbian Sex?" The answer couldn't be more obvious. *Vogue*'s article was the usual thinly disguised Freudian crap with an extra liberal plea for "open-mindedness." What, after all, could be wrong with assuring one's readers that, if they are careful, they can enjoy the titillation of fantasizing about or maybe even experimenting with lesbian sex without jeopardizing their sacred, "normal" heterosexuality? If *Vogue* happens to capitalize on the sensationalism of it, well, that's just good business sense.

More predictable than these two offenders (and more offensive) was the exploitation on mag, *Penthouse*. In September it published a spread depicting what it alleged to be lesbian sex. This number is mandatory every three or four months. It's the best PR they ever get.

And the daily press, at least here in Toronto, is only too willing to co-operate in creating the necessary media tempest. After all, they too profit from coverage of the "sensational." It's hard to say which was worse: *Penthouse*'s exploitation of our lives for straight male kicks, or the press, in its heterosexual arrogance, protesting on the grounds that this was "too kinky" or "something the average Canadian wouldn't want his teenage daughter doing."

Mr. Scott Young, a *Globe and Mail* columnist, decided to grab his readers' attention with the quip (quoted from another source, of course) "What do they do in bed, anyway?" Mr. Young demonstrated just how thoroughly liberal he is by proclaiming that lesbians are really human beings who deserve to be treated just like everyone else. Provided we are indistinguishable from everyone else, that is. He serves up a friendly lecture about keeping our mouths shut about the more "sordid" aspects of our lives — like whom we happen to love, and why we are without human rights. Especially in the presence of children, you understand. (We don't know enough about "it" to be sure "it" isn't contagious.)

Ever heard of a straight murder? Or even a husband or wife murder? The Toronto press has coined a new concept, that of "lesbian murder." They are probably not the first or only media to do so, but to me they are the most immediate. A case of what the courts have judged to be manslaughter



observed in Kingston, Ontario. It involved two women, at least one of whom is a lesbian. It was a tragic incident, involving two unfortunate individuals with little apparent comprehension of the implications of what either of them was doing. If such a situation had involved a heterosexual couple, it would probably have been reported this way. It would not have been called a "heterosexual murder."

While a recent issue of *Ms.* contained an excellent article detailing the lessons of Dade County, nothing has appeared lately that deals specifically with lesbians. The odd token article is not enough. Publications like *Ms.* tend simply to overlook us most of the time. Lesbian invisibility is a big part of our image problem — how much easier and safer for them if they can pretend that we don't exist.

Developing our own media is essential. If we have to start with a newspapered quarterly like *Lesbian Canada Lesbienne*, that's where we have to start. Some organizations are fortunate enough to have monthly newsletters. In Toronto a small donation will keep the LOOT newsletter going, and arriving in your mail box every month or so. A lot of thought and hard work goes into *Lesbian Tide* from Los Angeles. There are other media outlets that should be thought of as ours and put to their fullest use. *The Body Politic* needs women to contribute news, reviews, features, ideas. The Saskatchewan Women's Liberation newsletter, *Prairie Woman*, agreed at the national gay conference to compile and publish information on lesbian and feminist activists. There are other feminist publications such as *Upstream*, from Ottawa, Edmonton's *Branching Out*, and *Northern Woman*, from Thunder Bay that would probably appreciate lesbian contributors and readers from other parts of the country.

But while asserting ourselves in our own specific community may make us a more cohesive community, it is not enough. We must have a higher profile in the ugly, amorphous mess of the straight establishment press and broadcast media. We must, as much as possible, set out our terms when we deal with them. We have to counteract currents of invisibility. We have to reveal the other every slight, however subtle it may seem.

The lesbian image is not going to change until we decide to change it. And we must. There are many more lesbians "out there" than any of us realize, and the contact these women will have with their own community depends on that community's efforts to break through their isolation.

It is the truth about us — our real faces, the reality of our lives — that the mass media fear so much. That truth is a powerful weapon. We should use it.

by Chris Beatchell

Lesbian Canada Lesbienne is available from APPLEC 44 Arlington Ave., Halifax, NS B3V 2A7. The LOOT newsletter can be yours if you drop a line to: LOOT, 342 Jarvis St., Toronto, ON M4V 2S6. *Lesbian Tide* is available for \$5 a year from Tide Publications, 8855 Cataraugus Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90034, USA.

Our Image

The BP Review Supplement

Number 11



Photo: John Lyons

Don't they listen to the words?

To understand Ferron's music
you *have* to listen...

by Keith Maillard

The woman on the stage is a lesbian; the central fact of her life, so deeply necessary to who she is and what she's doing that she doesn't bother to elaborate on it, summarizing with the flat statement: "I've always been with women."

Her name is Ferron now, but that's not what is written on her birth certificate. Like Don Juan...

Continued next page

OUR IMAGE

the Yagui shaman, she's always erasing her personal history to arrive under the lights with her guitar to sing about who she happens to be right now. Difficult, thorny, stubborn, tough — the adjectives could be strung forever, only this as contradictory as she is herself — engaging, warm, brilliant, profoundly funny. She has that electric quality expressed by the overworked work charisma, yet she can also enter silently with watchful eyes. As a lesbian singer and songwriter, she's already a legend in Vancouver, and she's produced her own record, friends are selling it at the door.

Kitsilano House is packed. It's difficult to imagine how many people could be squeezed in. The audience consists largely of lesbian women, but there are straight women as well, and a handful of men, both straight and gay. The ambience is lively but not exactly comfortable. There are men here because Ferron has insisted that it should be an "open" concert, and she's already drawing talk for it. She pauses between songs to look out and say, "I'm glad to see men here tonight. I think when women are alone together... we sing to comfort each other. But I've been hearing my voice come back to me, and it sounds angry. Well, I am angry. I'm angry at a world that won't let me be what I want to be... and I think it's good that you should hear it." She's more than an entertainer, she's sandpaper to raw nerve ends. She doesn't hide either anger or pain, allowing emotion to flow freely into her voice, and the intensity at times seems unbearable. But her gift to an audience, ultimately, is healing. It's impossible not to hear the resilient strength in her voice, the stubborn determination, in spite of whatever difficulty or anguish, to continue.

"I hate labels," she says, and by going her own way manages to offend nearly everybody at least some of the time. She refuses to limit her audience. Her work is intended immediately, of course, for lesbian women, but extends outward from that centre like ripples from a stone, to the wider gay community, and then finally to whatever part of the straight world is ready to listen. Her songs are offered in the same spirit with which William Carlos Williams wrote his poetry: "for whomever wants it."

She's political but can never fully trust any given ideology, her eyes sharp for absurdities and contradictions. Sitting one night in a leftist coffee house, watching people dance to flitties rock, she says, amazement in her voice, "Look at them! Gay people and gay men. Feminists. Gestalt people."

Political people. And what are they dancing to? Good golly, Miss Molly... you really know how to ball! Don't they know what they're doing? Don't they listen to the words?"

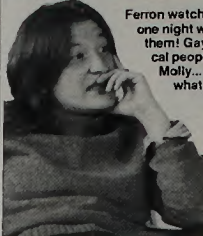
To understand what Ferron's doing, you have to listen to the words. She's been writing and performing her own songs now for six years (since

welfare, and Children's Aid, and foster homes, and, of course, the sexual ambiguity. Little girls in their dresses and Boys in their guns and Me in some centre just sitting. I'm neither the other nor neither this one, And I feel like a poem half written."

and sudden:

Slender wet branches and mist on the skyline, I'm trying to find my way home. But the home she's trying to find is no longer Richmond (where she's now a stranger), but the only home that never fails. Go inward, go inward, go deep where

Ferron watches, her eyes sharp for absurdities and contradictions. Sitting one night watching people dance to flitties rock, she says, "Look at them! Gay women and gay men. Feminists. Gestalt people. Political people. And what are they dancing to? Good Golly, Miss Molly... you really know how to ball! Don't they know what they're doing? Don't they listen to the words?"



she was nineteen). In March of this year she released her own privately produced record. After weeks of experimenting in the studio, she recorded the entire final take in one session lasting from noon until one in the morning. For a low-budget production, the sound quality is surprisingly good, and as an introduction to Ferron's work, the record is a stunning achievement. The fifteen songs are a well-chosen sample of her material, her earliest to her most recent; both her vocal and guitar work sound assured and authoritative, and she projects her poetry with warmth and immediacy as though singing to friends. And perhaps now, as the record begins the slow process of making its way in the world, strangers in distant cities might begin to say what some of us here in Vancouver have been saying for some time now: Ferron may just turn out to be one of the best and most important songwriters in North America.

She grew up in Richmond, British Columbia. "I don't want to talk about that now," she told me, "except to say that being poor doesn't just mean not having material things. The people who are emotionally starving are the people who are poor. My family was poor." And she was too bright, her emotional equipment was too complex. Even then, those watchful eyes must have bothered the adults around her who could not understand a child's treasonous, unstated assessments. Ferron has always lived close to craziness. And



She grew into an uneasy adolescence in which she discovered that she was a woman who loved other women. About an early song, "Who Loses," she said, "People always think it's a lesbian love song. And it is... But when I wrote it, there wasn't any love in my life. I had to make her up. And she was me too, of course; she was my struggle against letting myself be what I was."

Some loving is torture. It seems ours is not the way... Oh, Louise, I'm going to leave you now. You bring me to my knees. You only grieve me now... Faking everything don't make it true. Take everything, but don't take my time.

"I see my early songs as an incredible romantic tale of woe," she says. But they're more than that — pain going on and on until there's nothing left but raw, ringing nerves exposed to the edges of the world, the words polished to an adamantine simplicity sharp as a Japanese haiku.

And I'm condemned sad. Feeling green and bad. Can't remember what I had to give you.

Ferron moves through a world of shifting relationships, angelic and demonic voices, prophetic dreams, terrifying coincidences, transmissions from outer space. Like Orpheus in Costeau's film, she's always tuning in the mysterious messages that arrive across a band of static. Her own shamanistic powers come and go unexpectedly. Showing off to a friend in a bar, she suddenly discovers that she can tell the occupations of three strangers merely by touching their hands. Later, earth bound again, she can't understand how she did it. In her twenty-first year, the messages become too dense and powerful to tolerate, and she withdraws into her basement room. There she lies day after day, the gray Vancouver light filtering past her window, seeing no one, saying nothing, going deeper into the dark inner corridors, until the person of her has gone away, not a woman any longer, not even a human being, only a set of ears listening to the murmuring voices rising from beneath the dream. Time collapses. The ancient voices continue to sing. Later she'll know that they were teaching her songs sunk deep into the history of people on the planet. It goes on for weeks, until a friend walks in, forces her way in, and says, "What the hell are you doing with yourself?" Ferron emerges and find the world sharp

you lie. You'll find you a kingdom with acres to fly.

Ferron's work is centered in the word. But unlike others who are poets first and musicians second (Leonard Cohen or Patti Smith), she is a genuine singer. Her voice is a resonant tenor, consciously direct and forceful without any attempt at prettiness, produced in her chest like that of a blues singer, rising occasionally for special effect into a penetratingly nasal upper register. She plays a small, steel-strung Guiliari. Her early material is flat-picked country style, her more recent songs finger-picked. Her musicianship (which is considerable) is self-taught; she barely reads music and has had only a rudimentary brush with traditional theory. She works slowly, building up a song over hundreds of repetitions and small changes until she is satisfied that it is finished. She solves problems of voice leading and bass movement in the best way possible — in her ears.

Country western is the music of Ferron's childhood, and even though in the last few years her work has moved in other directions, she still returns occasionally to pan that old river and consistently draws up fresh nuggets. Under the Weather, "with its lilting melody and metaphorical displacement, is both emphatically country and brilliantly contemporary. It's the best example of how thoroughly she's mastered the country idiom.

And I light a smoke. Gonna see the lighter side of this joke. Cause I just ain't satisfied. I'm gonna push and poke. And maybe things will be all right. Under the weather the seasons roll by. If I thought I am young, then tomorrow I'll lie to be Somebody's shiver, a shuddering sigh...

But the main line of Ferron's recent work has been what, I suppose, could have to be called "urban folk" — rock and blues tinted, modally flavoured, at times nearly Renaissance in melodic movement, and the subject matter — well, the eyes still see too much, and she forgets nothing. The field she moves through is Laing's, the decipherment of human connections. In the bleak and powerful "Dead Men and Lovers," the narrative voice accuses her friend:

And I think you lied with me, Tried to be something you weren't cut out to be. But, by the next verse, she's achieved an appalling self-awareness: But I did touch you deep, And I kept you from sleep, And I taught you how to lie. After a month-long Gestalt training group last year, Ferron said, "My passions and projections onto other people have become so embarrassingly noticeable to me that I can't move without being aware and missing steps and tripping... like child."

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hood. In a way I regret the transition, for even now, nothing was as blissfully irresponsible as that old ignorance. Her more recent songs often have the feeling of pulling away a bandage from a wound. "Watch how she talks," she sings, "a war child in shock."

Ferron can never forget what's going on beneath the polite social surface, she knows about complicity. "I am hungry," she asks, "how are you?" But there are also the love songs, filled with heart-breakingly accurate detail.

Afternoons I'd wait for you to park your car and come inside. My skin would tingle, And we'd drink our tea. You'd tell me how you hide. I thought every word you spoke was meant with me in mind.

Ferron is a multi-faceted writer working alone with a Cabalistic and solitary intensity is a sociable public figure moving easily through circles of hundreds of friends and acquaintances. "I think being a lesbian, a writer, and a butterfly is a trying combination," she says, "especially with my ability to remember." But trying or not, she does it. In her role as butterfly, she can

the point where she can poke fun at those familiar demons.

Can I go your way a little while? I've got these monsters coming single file.

Oh, no! The words "Oh, no," are delivered with the wide-eyed innocence of a cartoon character; the monsters, arriving on the stuffily imposing beat of her puffs, are as dull as Sendak drawings: large and lumpy, leading on each other's heels.

But even with that broadly expansive and accessible side, Ferron does not find public performance easy. The songs were never meant as mere entertainment, and she can't sing them unless she feels them. What she asks of an audience is simple and difficult — that they experience what she's experienced. She understands Grace well enough to know that it won't always work ("Sweet power, Don't come when you need it, / And never when you need it..."), but when the people are with her and the spirit is flowing through her, her performances are electric. Listen, and you'll hear voices rising up from the bottom of the dream pool. The image is an ancient one, old as the suppressed outc of the Goddesses:

Moon quite like a woman's in phases that repeat...

"Oh, roll me down this lonely hill," she sings. "I'm quite prepared to spin." And she's prepared to do more than spin, to walk into uncharted regions where most of us don't dare to go. The underground heresies have always taught that the world is terrifying and dangerous beyond all comprehension, and Ferron has experienced that terror and danger. She can never forget the dilemma she's in, the dilemma we're all in. In "One by One" she sings:

Like sun that beats the outer shell And tans the inner soul This ache for truth deludes to hell, Yet hints at being whole.

But after those terrible words, she can end with the phrase, repeated: My love is warm for you.

My love is warm for you. She'll always come back to be "somebody's shadow, a shimmering sign," and to sing for us about where she's been. We need her work because she refuses to be limited, labeled, put in a box, because she goes on stubbornly singing what she has to. We need her work because it's healing. One of Ferron's shortest songs is called "The Little Things." It begins with rivers and trees, but ends up with a new sunrise that is both frightening and beautiful. Her prayer is for all of us:

And I'm praying for a sunrise That'll heal the sky And a wind to blow the hairs of Darkness from my eyes. □

reduce a roomful of people to helpless laughter. Her humour is often bleak, based on the tension between the social mask and the reality beneath it. Her wit is the spark that jumps the gap. When we're laughing at her stories, we are, of course, laughing at ourselves, reminded once again that we're all in it together. She isn't as funny in her songs as she is sitting across the kitchen table over a cup of coffee, but there is humour in her music, usually witty and understated as in the scene-shifting first lines of "Bourbon Street Vision":

It was summer, and evening, that fall of my life.

I was even too weary for sarcasm, in a recent song she's finally come to

the point where she can poke fun at those familiar demons.

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Ferron's first record is available from Lucy Records, 2862 West 22nd Avenue, Vancouver, British Columbia, CANADA V6L 1M6.

November

Books

E.M. Forster

A Life. Volume One

P.N. Furbank
Secker & Warburg, 1977, \$18.95

What a sad, line, ridiculous, beautiful book this is. No dirty bits: the closest we come to sex is Forster and Hugh Meredith "kissing and embracing on the sitting-room sofa." Furbank writes beautifully as well as discreetly, but we may sometimes feel that the beautiful coolness of his prose obscures the reality of the subject — the terrible poverty of Forster's emotional and sexual life. On Forster's novels and their sources in various incidents and characters he is very good. But novels are more than incidents and characters. What fired Forster's imagination? Was it the very sense of continual restraint and deprivation that makes the subject of this book so sad?

It is difficult not to come away from Furbank's book hating the horrible, canting, self-righting hypocrisy of English suburban life more even than Forster makes us hate it in *Howards End*. It is significant that in his portrayal of the horrific philistine Wilcoxes in that novel — their living room looked as if a car had spinned — he created one of the most memorable pieces in his fiction. But only in fiction could he confront the destructiveness of that "hearty, mentality with its hunt!n', shooting, and womanizing!" George Merrill, the lover of Whitman's disciple, Edward Carpenter, touched Forster on the behind, but that touch did not stir him to Whitman-like celebration of the male body. Or rather, instead as it did he was moved to write *Maurice* (a disappointing novel in any case) and to keep it hidden for thirty years.

It is easy enough to criticize Forster with the benefit of hindsight, let alone from the safe perspective of changed laws. The life of meek furtiveness to which he was condemned by both his family and his society was not, in many ways, different from that of countless of his contemporaries. But what we need to remember is what this book only glances at indirectly: the tremendous pain at which his novels were written.

Recently in a program on the BBC a number of pundits claimed that *Howards End* was the most over-rated novel of our time. Part of their disaffection, no doubt, stemmed from the great status Forster's novels have been given by the splendid new "Abinger" edition of his work. But part of it, too, no doubt, sprang from a dislike of Forster the man, the homosexual. (That sort of "biographical fallacy" is seldom far away from most literary judgements.) F.R. Leavis once said to me: "It should like to come up to Forster and whisper a dirty word in his ear." The word was, of course, "sodomite." That Leavis could have counted on Forster's being shocked is evidence of what I have been saying about the intimidation of Forster's soul.

I do not mean to underestimate the courage it required for Forster to claim that love of friends was more important than love of country at a time when all the imperialist bludge-bumping between the Boer War and the First World War was at its worst, but it is difficult not to feel angry with him for not being more courageous than he could possibly be expected to have been. All that clustered Cambridge-wet "hardness" is understandable in the wake of the Wilde trial homophobia, but is pretty disagreeable none the less. (As it is mildly disagreeable that Furbank never calls a flag a flag.) We have to keep reminding ourselves that things have come quite a long way since the time when a member of the Sex Pistols lowered his paper and glowered at Forster for referring idly to a "charming boy." (A recent attempt to get Denis Lemon, the editor of *Gay News*, blackballed from the prestigious Reform Club backfired completely.) But we also have to take Forster's motto "Only Connect" seriously enough to see the similarities between his



E.M. Forster by Roger Fry, 1913.

society and the smug bourgeois "niceness" of our own.

I came away from Furbank's biography of Forster glad that I had first — read Forster's novels. I wondered, too, whether this painful account of a man so full of self-reproach would encourage new readers for the novels. Furbank's account concludes this is only Part One with Forster going off to work for the National Gallery in the First World War. There, with all the masterpieces removed to safety, he wrote to a friend that it would be appropriate if he were to die in an air raid among second rate paintings. Earlier, in one of his frequent stock-takings of himself, he wrote: "However gross my desires, I find I shall never satisfy them for fear of annoying others." Sad, sad, sad.

by Douglas Chambers □

Motherhood, Lesbianism, and Child Custody

Frane Wyland

Falling Wall Press, 1977, \$120

The title of this pamphlet suggests analysis of an issue vital to many lesbians. Don't be fooled, for what you will find is essentially a PR job promoting the Vagas for Housework Campaign as the only "viable movement" for lesbians everywhere. To prove her point, Frane Wyland leads us through a maze of issues that is confusing, rarely substantiated, and often contradictory. If this is not enough, we are then subjected to a text which suffers from fragment mis-use of Marxist rhetoric. I gave up counting after the 18th undefined use of "capital." Her approach resembles a jigsaw puzzle so hurriedly put together that many of the pieces fit, not because they are the correct ones, but because they have been jammed in. It's a hopeless jumble of half-truths.

With the above in mind, I can only suspect that Wyland's argument is as follows: She assumes that all women, lesbian or heterosexual, are in a position of wagelessness (poverty) controlled and perpetuated by "capital." However, the lesbian, unlike the straight woman, has taken control of her own destiny by neither sleeping with men nor by performing housework for husbands. In doing so she threatens the very soul of "capitalism" itself — the family, the means of (re)production of future little workers without which "capital" could not survive. To counteract this threat, "capital" goes for the lesbian's weak spot which, according to Wyland, is her children and her custody of them. By virtue of her wageless position, the lesbian is not only prevented from obtaining legal aid, but is also less likely to keep her children because the courts are now awarding custody to the most finan-

clearly secure parent, usually the husband. Thus, Wyland believes, the lesbian has been classified as an "unfit mother" not because of her sexuality but because she is poor. Soon, Wyland predicts, the straight woman will also be classified as unfit on the basis of her inability to provide an adequate financial environment for her children.

What is a lesbian to do, one might ask? Organize with heterosexual women around the common bond of poverty, states Wyland. However, she limits the groups through which such a union might be accomplished. The



Woodcut from the cover of *Motherhood, Lesbianism and Child Custody*

lesbian will not find the answer in the gay movement, because it is after all, only gay men working for equality with straight men. Nor will she find it in lesbian separatism since this movement rejects not only men but often children too. Only by joining the Wages for Housework Campaign will the lesbian find real support in unification with her heterosexual sisters.

Wyland's argument could seem superficially plausible. If it were not based on so many unrealistic assumptions. When, for example, did the family become basic to capitalism? When did all women suddenly want and need children? When did children become the product of heterosexual marriage alone, and finally, the most ludicrous of all, when did the label of "unfitness" for the lesbian become synonymous with financial unfitness? This is a key element in her analysis. Yet it is the most irrational of all her ideas. Janus-like, Wyland first argues that the American Psychiatric Association has declared homosexuality to be no longer a disease, the courts cannot label lesbians as unfit mothers on the basis of their sexual lifestyle. In the next breath, she states that during a child custody case what is actually on trial is the lesbianism of the mother, requiring her to convince the court that she will not influence her children to be gay. The tie between the lesbian and the heterosexual woman is expressed as a function of the current economic crisis, which determines custody on the basis of income.

Surely Wyland owes lesbians a better explanation than that. I am appalled that she can so easily disregard the distinction between "unfitness" for the lesbian and "unfitness" for the heterosexual woman. Certainly, many lesbians and straight women are poor, but because they are lesbians. In the latter, however, by virtue of their heterosexuality, happen to be a considerable number of protective notices above the lesbian when it comes to basic human rights. In case Wyland has forgotten, the courts protect heterosexuality; they do not protect homosexuality. Lesbians are classified as "unfit" not because they are poor, but because they are lesbians.

Who is Wyland trying to convince? Does she really believe that threatening the straight woman with the possibility of "unfitness" will make her view the woman as "natural," no different from herself? Or is she trying to convince the lesbian of her own "naturalness"? I, for one, do not wish to be co-opted to heterosexual unity.

by Heather Ramsey

Frank O'Hara Poet Among Painters

Marjorie Perloff

George Braziller, 1977, \$14.50

Since his accidental death in 1966, Frank O'Hara has become a mythological creature. In so far as he is known at all it is as "aesthetic courier" to the New York art scene of the Fifties, breathlessly rushing from loft to gallery to party to double-occupied bed, dashing off poems on the run and stuffing them casually into coat pockets (not always his own) or drawers full of socks and underwear.

Based partly on truth, as myths usually are, this view of O'Hara has been of great comfort and utility to admirers and detractors alike. Convinced that this mad whirl (and with painters even, not other writers) could never be conducive to the production of "serious" literature, fabricators of The American Poetry Establishment have been content to dismiss O'Hara as a charming dilettante, a camp trivializer safely left out of their sonorously titled anthologies. Other poets, boldly rebuking the traitor, O'Hara's friends, have taken his example to mean that everything can be produced with foundations and at a dash: throw in recklessly whatever you want, whatever you feel and — *voilà!* — a poem.

The real Frank O'Hara, Marjorie Perloff suggests, would be irked and embarrassed by it all. A debunker of myths in his own time (both of the established "fartars of our country" and of himself, "made in the image of a sissy truck-driver"), he would be pained at the attention being paid to him rather than to his work. "Don't tell them what kind of a man I was," composer Morton Feldman hears O'Hara asking from the



Portrait of Frank O'Hara by Elaine de Kooning, 1963

grave in one of the more enlightened remembrances. "Did I do? Never mind the rest."

Whether O'Hara "did it" is what concerns Marjorie Perloff in this book. She does give us the poet — as the biographical bits, the friends' recollections — but only as the necessary background to the poetry itself. This she examines in detail, tracing the influences on O'Hara's style from the early impact of William Carlos Williams' colloquialism and the time, space, and person disjunctions of French Surrealism to the snappy vitality and scene dissolves of American movies to the later connections with movement and tension — "push-pull" — in New York abstract expressionist painting. Perloff's chronological approach also shows O'Hara at work in most of the

standard poetic forms (ballads, sonnets, odes, etc.) and emphasizes that the characteristic "unformed look" of his most developed work was arrived at through familiarity with, not ignorance of, formal conventions.

Poetry was serious business to O'Hara, but not as the "important utterance" carved in granite. In a rare job at another poet, he spoke of Robert Lowell's "confessional manner" as "letting him" get away with things that are just plain bad but you're supposed to be interested because he's supposed to be so upset.

O'Hara didn't trust this solemnity, didn't buy this dead-earnest exposure of one's tortured soul as the mark of "serious" poetry. He exposed himself too, but to the action around him: "I'll rest for a moment near the Equestrian/pausing for a liver sandwich in the May/over Shoppers, that angel seems to be leading the horse into Bergdorf's and I am naked as a table cloth, my nerves humming." His was a poetry of attention, an action revealing (rather than necessarily commenting directly upon) the life, the place and people and time, he knew.

The myth of Frank O'Hara would seem to dictate that his work is not fit for — or shouldn't be violated by — academic analysis. Yet here is a professor of English taking it on any way, trying to be true to the work while performing what traditionally resembles an autopsy. Perloff knows she's in dangerous territory, quoting O'Hara on critics as "the assassins of my orchards." But she has managed to show the academics that this poet had a more solid grounding than they might have questioned, and the same time making his poetry more real — and no less valuable for that — to those who might have wished to believe in it as pure magic. She has respected all the sources of the work, not just the literary ones, showing that painting, the movies, New York and boys were not mere external distractions, but the very heart of Frank O'Hara's poetry.

"Don't be bored, don't be lazy, don't be trivial, and don't be proud. The slightest loss of attention leads to death."

Does Marjorie Perloff "do it"?

Yes.

by Rick Bebout

Wrestling the Angel

Stan Persky

Talan Books, 1977, \$6.95

At some level all writing is concerned with politics. *Wrestling the Angel* is a rare book in bringing the question of politics to the surface.

Stan Persky has collected in this work prose and poetry produced over nearly twenty years. Some pieces have been published before, "The Day" and "Slaves," for example, others appear here for the first time.

The book is in two parts and it is in this structure that the problem of politics is most apparent.

The division — simply demarcates the difference of political viewpoints from within which these writings are produced. (The sometimes radical) humanism of the first part being succeeded by an adherence to the brutal materialism (Marxism Leninism) in the latter part. The title of the book, of course, reflects this development.

In what way is this formidable rupture in outlook revealed? It is not that the scene shifts. The personal does not give way to the technical or to philosophy and science. The writing is intensely personal throughout. It is rather that Persky works in Part Two on situating himself in his writing, and the actual process of writing in a particular context, that of contemporary bourgeois society.

This context is one of general categories.

You, categorised as working class, age 27, male, homosexual, etc.

I see more than The games of youth and age the clubs try to seem like

and of the particular memories and experience of a poet, grocer's son, lover, gay man as they are squeezed out by the

social metabolism.

Persky insists that his writing "is not a stream of consciousness dipped into as though it existed." It is not merely following the mind, but these sentences emerged from struggle and that what he has produced is "largely a theoretical work in the narrative mode."

To attempt an account of the ordinary events of a life that discloses the communist theory of history is only a very ambitious project. It is strikingly successful in some pieces, but less so in others.

One objection is not that didactic politics intrude. Indeed, the politics I know — socialist, gay, feminist, the politics of meetings, marches and slogans — hardly appear. It is by rendering the intimate political that Persky tries to achieve his aim.

The weakness of *Wrestling the Angel* is rather too dogged an infirmity — an intimacy that threatens to turn the reader into an outsider. This surely is a fatal weakness in a political book.

by David Mole

Stand Too Far The Personal Chronicle of a Feminist

Robin Morgan

Random House, 1977, \$11.50

With this collection of her writing, produced over the last ten years, and connected by significant contemporary notes, Robin Morgan joins Adrienne Rich and Susan Brownmiller as one of the brilliant feminist spokeswomen of our generation. Robin Morgan's articles have always been gems but until now they have not been collected. In reading this collection, we get not only a history of a movement but also history of our times seen through the eyes of a struggling, caring, revolutionary woman — a woman who dared to be radical, but more importantly, took the risk of being honest.

Near the beginning of this book, Morgan says, "The Women's Movement is a plot of women who are lesbians — and a plot of women who are virgins, heterosexuals, celibates, and bisexuals. And we conspirators are all unlearning the absurd prefixes to the word 'sexual' and beginning to discover, create, define ourselves as women." And throughout the book Morgan shares with us that unlearning, relearning and what it has meant to her to be a woman. She begins with "Letters from a Marriage," and in an ironic way these letters, mostly to her husband and written, as many of us will painfully recall, when all other forms of communication have broken down, are the bravest writing, for they show the author at her most vulnerable — writing unspeakable words in the night.

This collection goes on to cover all the issues that women are still grappling with in our sexual groups today: the male left, class, race, and sexual preference. Morgan lovingly and humanly comes to a radical feminist analysis of life — the many contradictions to fewer, more synthesis and integration, always struggling and seeing that the process is an important, nay an integral, part of the revolution.

Whism of the first part being succeeded by an adherence to the brutal materialism (Marxism Leninism) in the latter part. The title of the book, of course, reflects this development.

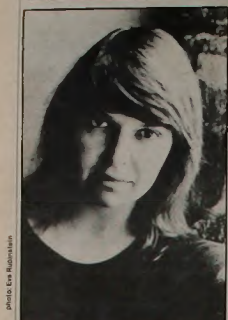
In what way is this formidable rupture in outlook revealed? It is not that the scene shifts. The personal does not give way to the technical or to philosophy and science. The writing is intensely personal throughout. It is rather that Persky works in Part Two on situating himself in his writing, and the actual process of writing in a particular context, that of contemporary bourgeois society.

This context is one of general categories.

You, categorised as working class, age 27, male, homosexual, etc.

I see more than The games of youth and age the clubs try to seem like

and of the particular memories and experience of a poet, grocer's son, lover, gay man as they are squeezed out by the



Robin Morgan

a Great Love (not in Hollywood terms) but a love that is committed, secure, nurturing, sensual, aesthetic, revolutionary, holy, ecstatic. To deny the need for this love is to *señor*. To deny it is to speak with the words of the real enemy."

In the most brilliant of brilliant essays, "Politics of Sado-Masochistic Fantasies," Morgan breaks new ground, understanding and articulating sexual politics at its very mythic core. Regarding patriarchy, she says, "...that he who has power can do what he likes, including playing off powerlessness in a manner never available to the powerless. For him it can be an experiment, a game, a tad, a fake (or even genuine) attempt to divest himself of his power, or a mere playful experience... because it is his choice."

In spite of the seriousness of this revolutionary subject, Robin Morgan has a sharp sense of humor and this, mixed with her poetic way of expressing herself, makes what could have been a heavy book a joy to read. Robin Morgan makes more political and emotional sense than any other writer today. In essence this is a book about freedom — freedom to express, to be honest, to live — about a freedom in a future more revolutionary than we can contemplate.

by Sherill Cheda

The Other

Persuasion
Seymour Kleinberg
Vintage, 1977, \$4.95

In compiling this anthology, Seymour Kleinberg attempts to define the gay experience through an examination of short fiction about gay people. He says our history is hidden, but "if history is reluctant to speak, literature is not." He is right. Literature does speak. But unfortunately the voices are diverse and often hostile.

Starting with the short stories of Marcel Proust and Gertrude Stein, Kleinberg traces the changing gay experience. He gives us a prologue to *Women in Love* suppressed by Lawrence because of its homosexual content. Forster writes a naive fantasy of an encounter in the woods. There are pieces from the thirties by Faulkner, James Farrell and, surprisingly, Hemingway. "Mommie" by John Horne Burns is a fascinating description of a gay bar in Naples of 1944. Stories by Isherwood, Marjorie Murray, Tennessee Williams, Joan O'Donovan, John O'Hara, Graham Greene, and Elizabeth Taylor take us through the last twenty-five years to the final story in which Jane Rule gives us a delightful, if sentimental, account of two women making their lives together. There is no doubt that the authors all write well. Kleinberg, however, has sacrificed the political goals set out in his introduction by choosing "name" writers. The famous often can write and they usually sell books. But the mere fact of their including a gay character does not mean they have something to say about being gay. Their writings have to be situated in a context: Is the gay

character central or incidental to the story? Is the writer portraying a gay person or presenting a straight person's perception of being gay? Are the writers themselves gay? Even gay writers have murdered off their gay characters by the hundreds to ensure acceptability to the publisher. The dictation of straight morality inevitably distorts the chronicling of our experiences. The inclusion of Ernest Hemingway in an anthology dedicated to the antipathy between gay men and women is inexcusable and insensitive. In an anthology thematically linked by a political objective, literary merit cannot stand alone. The most pleasurable pieces in the book are by the gay authors. They have sympathy for the characters, and know that being gay means love and humor as well as oppression. This would have been a stronger collection if Kleinberg had trusted gay people to speak for themselves.

by John Marwaring

Matters of Fact

and Fiction
Essays, 1973-1976

Gore Vidal
Random House, 1977, \$11.50

This is the third collection of Gore Vidal's essays (*Homage to Daniel Shay* is more or less an update of the first collection, *Rocking the Boat*). The essays are reflections on a *Sinking Ship*, are essays from the sixties, and well worth reading, not only as a preface to *Matters of Fact and Fiction*, but for a refreshing reassurance that the late sixties was not a decline — as it is now — to erupt in the manner full-blown.

Matters of Fact and Fiction is split into fiction and fact halves which constantly cross-stitch in meaning and metaphor as fiction comes to resemble fact, and fact, fiction. The point maintained by Vidal is that our fiction — Literature — has become in many instances fact-seeking while our metaphor as fiction comes to resemble fact, and fact, fiction. The point maintained by Vidal is that our fiction — Literature — has become in many instances fact-seeking while our metaphor as fiction comes to resemble fact, and fact, fiction. The point maintained by Vidal is that our fiction — Literature — has become in many instances fact-seeking while our metaphor as fiction comes to resemble fact, and fact, fiction.

Vidal takes the stance of witty "reporting secretary," one who "does not want to be dictated to, but each morning divines and redacts the general opinion."

The essays begin with a sampling of The Top Ten Best Sellers of 1973, an amazing cross-section of novelistic kitsch (with two exceptions, Mary Renault and Solzhenitsyn) in which the writers are rooted not in literature but in the shallows of time from the thirties, forties and fifties: "The bad movies which we made twenty years ago are now regarded in altogether too many circles as the greatest aspects of what the new literatures want to believe is the only significant art form of the twentieth century."

In another essay, this one on the works of Louis Auchincloss, Vidal is in perfect form, but has a crumder for sexual freedom and as the wholly literary man, fusing these two strands into one delicious observation: "From the beginning of time, the writer: word-minded, gossip-prone, prurient, prying. In other words, a sissy by the standards of the continuing heterosexual dictatorship that has so perfectly perfected, in one way or another, just about every male in the country."

The rest of the essays on fiction, including those marvellous explications of "le degré zéro de l'écriture" of the Bourgeois-bland French Novel, continue to unravel the Fact-Fiction theme.

"The Matter of Fact" opens in Rome in 1948 with a recollection of an earlier Vidal persona woven into the by now classic gossip/column of Tennessee Williams (whom Vidal engagingly refers to as "Glorious Bird"). This essay is so dense and rich that I feel the best commentary on it is another quote: "It is hard to realize what a bad time of it Tennessee used to have from the American press. During the forties and fifties the anti-gay battalions were everywhere on the march. From the highlands of *Parade Review* to the middle ground of *Time* magazine, venomous attacks on real or

suspected fags never let up. A cover story on Auden was killed when the managing editor of the day was told that Auden was a fag."

The essays finish with the *Esquire* cover article from May 1975, "State of the Union," post-Watergate pensées on a cross-country fact-jour. Vidal factualizes the silent majority on some of our favourite fictions, sodomy being one of the more penetrating points: "the law against sodomy goes back fourteen hundred years to the Emperor Justinian, who felt that there should be a law because, as everyone knew, sodomy was the principle cause of all earthquakes." The rest of the points are made in a common sense manner to minds softened, sold and in service to false political assumptions and the persistent belief messages from the media.

Vidal is not preaching to the converted, but to those who are still trying to assimilate the sixties and the aftereffects of Watergate. Still, it is a delight to read, and realize, that the major protest movements of the decade were right, even now that the primal energy has dissipated. Vidal gives us this now when it increasingly seems that we have come full circle, finding ourselves characters in a production of *Boys in the Band*.

by John Forbes

Coming Out

Wallace Hamilton
Signet, 1977, \$1.75

When Roger Thornton, an architect in his forties, recently divorced and even more recently gay, walks into a gay restaurant patronized mostly by "sedate, middle-aged men," he "could... imagine, had his life gone differently, himself among them. But he had found a wife, had children, had a career, and been shielded from the turmoil, loneliness, and occasional violence that was probably part of the lives of everyone in the restaurant. When they had outlived the darkness of the docks, he had taken his family for vacations in New England. While they had nursed their wounds, he had laughed at fag jokes. Now to Michael, they were "old queens," denied even the respect of the natives of their terrain, while he, an immigrant, enjoyed what should rightfully be theirs — their own younger generation.

"Yes, he had been saved. But after the convulsions of consciousness he had gone through that day, he could think of standing up in that restaurant and saying, in a loud voice, 'Yes, gentlemen, I have been saved. But I just don't want to be saved any more.'"

Later, a business partner who takes a dim view of Roger's new "roommate" harrumphs that "people do draw conclusions." Well, Roger suggests, "People can draw conclusions about anything. Like you, playing with your tie, subconscious desire for strangulation." After a fight with his lover, he ends up at a gay baths for the first time: "Roger hung his towel — which looked just like every other towel, but it was his towel — on the third hook from the left and entered the shower room."

Well-observed small ironies, insights, ruminations, odd flashes of a delightfully wicked sense of humor, it's these that lift *Coming Out* above the common run of popular, formula gay novels which a thin but serviceable plot acts as a framework for a trip through the gay

subculture — a familiar device from *The Heart in Exile* to *The Front Runner*. Before Roger Thornton can look at himself in the mirror and see a gay man, he goes through various familiar self-deceptions, including the "I'm not homosexual, it's just that I've fallen deeply in love with happens, totally accidentally, to be male" symptom. The one who ushers Roger protectively through Hall is Michael, a handsome and genial young faggo "with a sangria voice" who lives in the same hotel.

Michael was an aborigine, a noble savage, in a land where Roger barely knew the terrain and would always be an immigrant carrying a backpack of history. Michael's errand is the gay Manhattan of cluttered crash-pads, back-rooms, and no visible means of support, and to Roger, the entry into the new land provides a culture-shock worthy of a squadron of anthropologists. "All very well," Roger muses, "for Mann to write his mauve tragedy of Herr Professor. But what if Tazio had moved right in? Roger wondered if Mann's Teutonic sonorities would have been equal to the material."

Wallace Hamilton is more than equal to the material, and it's amusing to watch him turn conventional assumptions on their heads: so promiscuous as a heterosexual, Roger becomes a devout monogamist when he turns gay. His lover, though, catches the clap the first time he ventures away from the nest — which might be interpreted as Jehovah's just punishment for the unfaithful homophile, but in fact is just a little filip to give the summary plot a leg up.

For both plot and characters are fairly rudimentary here. The main focus is on the business of coming out itself. In the process, a few important problems slide into view: the bisexual who is just visiting in the gay world and has a back to respectability, leaving the gays to clear up the mess, or the immense need, and unsettling frailty, of gay community.

But what sticks in the mind most, after *Coming Out* has been put on the shelf, is Wallace Hamilton's own good-humored enjoyment of life's small pleasures. It is a happy attitude, one that could stand us all in good stead in years to come.

by Ian Young

Cole Porter:

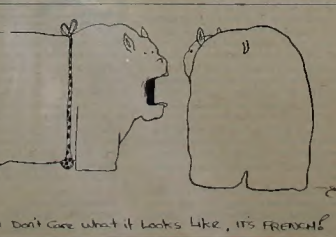
A Biography
Charles Schwartz
Dial Press, 1977, \$11.95

Monty:

A Biography
of Montgomery Clift
Robert La Guardia
Arbor House, 1977, \$15.50

Recent social business biographies discuss for the first time the homosexual behaviour of two American entertainment figures. The splashy journalistic *Monty* by Robert La Guardia and the more subdued *Cole Porter* by Charles Schwartz join the growing list of biographies that are bringing their subjects out of the closet.

On an obvious level Robert La Guardia has an easy job as a biographer of Montgomery Clift. Clift was a brilliant, sexy actor who drank and drugged himself all of his working life. It is a story that cannot help but be compelling. Indeed, one is rarely bored by La



Guardian's book.

He has organized the biography around a central theme — a great literary device — but in this case it misses the reality of Clift's life. The psychological problems that caused Clift to destroy himself are, for LaGuardia, noted in Clift's homosexuality, homosexuality explained in a crude Freudian analysis — Clift's relationship with his mother. Years later Monty's friend and physician, Dr. Rex Kennerly, would say, "I'm sure it can all be traced back to the mother."

That insight is offered to us on page 11, and on no other point does the author

Theatre

Camille

Charles Ludlum
The Ridiculous Theatrical
Company

Factory Lab Theatre, Toronto
Sitting on the steps of The Factory Theatre Lab with my friend Bob during the second intermission of *Camille* which is playing for a limited run.

Bob: I'll say one thing for Ludlum: he's got guts.

Me: Why? Because he wears a dress over his hairy chest and emotes like a pampered prima donna?

Bob: No. Because he thinks that's enough to interest an audience for over two hours.

Me: But he's right. His theatre has sold out here. (Pause) You noticed how the audience watches each other as much as the actors? It's as if they need reassurance about their own responses.

Bob: I think it's a case of "The Emperor's New Clothes" only Ludlum wears a ball-gown instead of balls.

Everyone pretends it's wonderful, when they really find it boring.

Me: And out of class. Shades of the Cockettes and Cyrcle Six, circa 1972. Come to think of it, *Camille* premiered around then. Perhaps it was more amusing. I can't imagine it ever being revolutionary. (Pause) Why is the audience here?

Bob: Deference to New York. Clive Barnes said you "it laugh until the tears run down your face." And The Factory folks we *Camille* received "unanimous praise from all the New York critics."

Me: Five years ago (Pause) I wonder what critics The Factory reads? At one time, they didn't care about reviews at all, let alone American ones.

Bob: Times change. "The Home of the Canadian Playwright" fights to survive by importing basic New York fashion.

Me: And Toronto Trendies applaud with nervous eyes.

Bob: How many days do you think are here?

Me: About fifty percent. And almost exclusively male, you notice.

Bob: Yeah. That's what amazes me. This is as relevant to my life as Flip Wilson's wigs. Give me Craig Russell any day. At least he's without pretensions — a drag queen who plays his ladies straight.

Me: I beg your pardon! (Pause) I think guys are here for two reasons. First, because we're desperate to see ourselves portrayed on stage. Secondly, because the straight press tells us this qualifies. But it doesn't. Either as gay

says: "The things one takes seriously are one's weaknesses." TOR No. 68, ahem.

Bob: I wonder how many playwrights he'd convince.

Me: Or how many guys?

Bob: You think he cares?

Me: He also says: "You are a living mockery of your own ideals."

Bob: I'll meet you at the corner, after the show.

by Robert Wallace

As You Like It

Robin Phillips, director
Stratford Festival, Stratford, Ont.

Only the most sluggish will fail to recognize some of the homosexual meanings gathered together in Robin Phillips' brilliant new production of *As You Like It*. Even the Toronto Sun's McKenzie Porter, more sluggish than most, recognized there what he called the occasional "homosexual frisson."

I suspect that most viewers will recognize the putdown-gaeness of Bob Baker's snotty topknot courier, M. La Beau, and will catch at least some of the play on Rosalind's chosen name "Gany-mede" — the name of the boy love fell in love with, abandoned, defied. They may even recognize the suggestive

desolation and yet affectionate towards it, an outsider within, a single gay male who moves over all the foibles of heterosexual wooing and the marriage trap. Bedford, as ever in comedy, succumbs to marriage and loses her brilliance in wedlock's social order. Jaques maintains his position as an outsider. Bedford is at liberty to establish the mood for the whole play — the gay perspective on wooing which always hears the thunder of marriage thralldom in the distance, winter and rough weather. At the end, he exists to observe yet more follies in the forest — religious ones are next. The continuing motif of society's Senor's court surrounds the dancing wedding couples, on whom rough weather is a cause of fail.

The trouble is, this gay view of marriage will remain in trouble, the non-gay audience until Phillips requires them to see it. (Male-male touching is present here only in the wrestling scene, but at least we are spared the use of such contact to suggest malice.)

In one of Stratford's public gardens, a war memorial depicts a hunky heroic male nude covering his face with a cloak. That's the best icon I've seen for Phillips' Stratford: heroic, but still hiding what it should be proud of. Shakespeare, if you'll pardon the pun, as closet drama.

by Michael Lynch



Cate Porter at an Elza Maxwell party (top). Montgomery Clift during the filming of *Rainbow Country*.

present a more sophisticated view of Clift's troubled life. LaGuardia at times does seem to sense that his subject may be more complex than this, but he shrinks away from a deeper inter-pretation.

LaGuardia does deal extensively with Clift's sex life (not a good lover it says here) but cowardly refuses to commit himself by stating his own sexual/romantic preferences. Gooddamn! It is 1977 and that is no longer acceptable. It is only through his biographer that we can understand Clift, and if he chooses to deal in such detail with his subject's sexuality, the reader has a right to know his perspective. Monty is the kind of book the straight press calls "sympathetic." For this gay reader, I was an alien experience.

With Cole Porter Charles Schwartz tries for less and accomplishes marginally more. His work is a more traditional biography, genealogy, early training, college years, career, and a little musical analysis all are given their due. There is no overriding thematic centre to the book, yet you do learn something of this enigmatic man. Unlike LaGuardia's, Schwartz's approach conveys paradox and human depth. We see the man who goes on wild "fucking parties" to pick up burly sailors and the pensive snob who declares a young man unwelcome in his house because he wears brown shoes to luncheon.

Schwartz extolls Porter's marriage of companionship to Lina Thomas but fails to see the pressures that might have pushed the homosexual Porter into marriage. While Porter's homosexuality is not suppressed, it's dealt with peripherally. One longs to know more about the difficulties a high-society queen faced in the first half of this century. Did he have any long-term gay relationships? How did his friends feel about his homosexuality? How did he feel about it? You won't find out in this book.

It is good that both Montgomery Clift and Cole Porter are identified as homosexuals, but apart from that, both these biographies are disappointing.

by Paul F. Pearce

Me: I beg your pardon! (Pause) I think guys are here for two reasons. First, because we're desperate to see ourselves portrayed on stage. Secondly, because the straight press tells us this qualifies. But it doesn't. Either as gay

male protectiveness of the scruffy crew around Charles the wrestler, and of course the possibility of male-male attraction in Rosalind's sly epilogue.

But gay men, at least, will see much more. The visible gay meanings of the play, indeed, remain at the surface, while the ones that determine the quality of the entire production remain invisible to all but knowing eyes. Our eyes.

It can happen in one line. Baker plays Le Beau as such a damning repulsive-ness that one wants to shout out and stop the show. "We've had enough of faggoty tops like this." But then we notice that Phillips' characterization of the usurper Frederick's court is far worse than that of Le Beau. And that Baker sees it, judging it deftly and movingly in his farewell to Orlando.

Hereafter, in a better world than this, I shall desire more love and knowledge of you."

The play offers us the "better world" than this "that Le Beau longs for — the forest of Arden as defined by Rosalind's wooing, and, just as importantly, by the Duke Senior and his male 'comrades and brothers in exile.' The 'tenderest' scenes in the play occur when Senior and his comrades are together. And the arrival of Orlando with the aged Adam enriches this tenderness — this is an animal society which loves and cares for its own.

But the paragon of Le Beau's wistful insight, and of the comrades' touching affection, is Brian Bedford's smiling, charming, gentlewise, wondering and wonderful J. Jaques. This is the triumph of Phillips' production. Jaques — not a flat, melancholic with charming set speeches, not a suppurant, but a suave man of the world, proud of his secret



The Ridiculous Theatrical Company

theatre or good theatre. It's ridiculous, self-indulgent trivia. And it angers me that papers like The Toronto Star discuss it in a gay context. Not only do they attract a gay audience in the process, they perpetrate myths about gay art and life, reducing both to camp.

Bob: And help to diffuse our political potential as a minority culture. Let's go. We found our support by being here.

Me: Uh, uh. I've got to give it a full chance — so I can legitimately review it.

Bob: Shift! (Pause)

Me: Maybe we're taking this all too seriously. It's supposed to be funny.

Bob: Ludlum. You know what he also

Brian Bedford as Jaques in *As You Like It*.

male protectiveness of the scruffy crew around Charles the wrestler, and of course the possibility of male-male attraction in Rosalind's sly epilogue.

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Books

Paperback Traffic

The book industry has suddenly realized that there is a gay market out there. It has meant a flood of less expensive paperback reprints of gay books. Bantam has issued the second best number of titles. They include *Robynfrill Jungle* by Rita Mae Brown, the Dave Kopay Story by Kopay and Young, Patricia Nell Warren's novel *Fanny*, dancer, Charles Reich's autobiography *Sorcerer of Bolinas Reel* and Canadian sociologist John Lee's *Colours of Love*. Pyramid has produced a mass pocket version of the Allen Yew *Yew* Maria Lay anthology *After You're Out*. Howard Brown's posthumous book *Familiar Faces, Hidden Lives* is being reissued in a Harvest paper. Avon is doing gay reprints as well by bringing out a number of Christopher Isherwood books, beginning with the most recent *Christopher and His Kind*, and by pulling two fine novels by the American writer John Horne Burns out of obscurity. They are *The Galaxy* and *Linger* (Anchor paper). You will now be able to pay less for Andre Breton by June Suffer (Anchor paper) and *For Money or Love: Boy Prostitution in America* by Robin Lloyd (Ballantine paper). The latter may be interesting to read in light of the Jacques Murders in Toronto. And finally, for Jane Rule fans, the early novel *Desert of the Heart* will be appearing in the Vancouver paperback imprint Talonbooks. Happy reading! □

by Michael Lynch

Contributors

Rob Beckford tells day and evening at the RP office. Gay Bell is a revolutionary artist making a name for himself as a secretary. Douglas Chambers teaches English at Trinity College, University of Toronto. Sherrill Chase is a librarian and co-editor of *Emergency Librarian*. Judith Crews is the author of *The Ancient*, a book of poetry. John Foyles is a graduate of the Betty Crocker School of the Frigate and Fun Arts. Michael Lynch sometimes writes for this paper.

Keith Millard, author of the novel *Two Strand River*, is a free-lance writer living in Vancouver.

Paul Pearce takes and sings. Robert Wallace directs gay TV and teaches at the College, York University in Toronto. Ian Young plans shortly to announce some new goodies from Galtys Press.

November

Music

Second Michigan Women's Music Festival

August 25-28, 1977

Four camping fields, the grass short like cropped heads. An estimated 3,500 women and children — one thousand more than last year and it felt like it. Briefly, sisters wiped out on the concentration of us, the release of tension grinding from a heterosexual world.

Thursday night I cried, so long coming those tears, Margie Adam singing her fury song and a song dedicated to lesbian mothers. There were two girls in front of me, their mother hugging them as they tramped from the song and touching her honey with her fingertips. Sweet Honey on the Rock — four black women in lively impossible harmonies teaching us to sing sensitively ("when you harmonize, sing of your own pain in your own way"). A festival like this exhilarates beyond any experience and pushes the fear up our throats at the terrible odds we face. "We're gonna rumble through the streets of Soweto!" sang Sweet Honey, a group who took the risk of bringing to our attention at a festival the seriousness of liberation struggles against international patri/capitalism.

Late night ambled/staggering under a full moon from singing harmonies and shu-bap shu-bap to women's songs, protest songs past the vans and campers up to a group of naked chanting dancers around a roaring fire. After years of searching, I found myself once again, Doris, and we loomed along the pathway with the Outbees' and another woman in an umbrella hat showed up at daycare

and we made a parade.

There were workshops on message and spirituality as well as on song and music writing, puppetry, organizing, and newspapers. There were rock and jazz and experimental groups. It seems that once women decide to put their energy into women-oriented projects their creativity is immediate and infinite.

There is a new album called *Lesbian Concentrate* and that's what it felt like. What else would make several hundred women soaked from the weekend sit in the dark under a canopy in the pouring rain, the splash of water being amplified from the roof a rhythm to our giggles and our own solidarity and joy.

We were a small audience standing in the rain during the final moments of Kay Gardner's wicca music and chanting "Isis" when she and Angie came up to me exuberant. "Hi Sis," "I sis" we laughed.

by Gay Bell

Reprinted from the Lesbian Organization of Toronto (LOOT) Newsletter, September 1977.



photo: Beth Kruse

Tapestries

If you're one of a generation who was brought up on the erroneous belief that all the "really good writing" came from south of the border, or Europe, the Toronto-produced *Landscape* (1977, The Women's Writing Collective, 331 Wellesley Street East, Toronto, Ontario, \$4.50) ought to change your mind once and for all. It's the third anthology of the Women's Writing Collective, formed "to encourage beginning women writers; to reduce the isolation of women writers; and to create opportunities for them to help each other with technical and emotional support." Support, too, in developing a framework for women's poetry which need not be patterned on male models, standards, or male experience patterns which, unfortunately, we have had ad nauseam.

"The purpose of *Landscape* was to explore the terrain of women's poetry being written in Toronto," the forward says, and the anthology which the collective produced brings together the work of sixty-five women poets with experience as diverse as the nationalities represented. The more established poets are given no more space than the new women poets, many of whom are published for the first time. The new voices are good, too, and some of them are lesbian voices. There are exciting auguries in the work of Gail Mitchell, who can write very sensitive lines like those which open "Within this Circle":

There is a stillness in the air above
our bodies

Like that breathed in very old
and sacred monasteries...
or the made patterns in "Helen Without Troy," which reveal skill more typical of an experienced writer than a beginner: She nurses her loneliness
Sucking it through the straws of

Carefully up to the throat
Where all the red rivers converge
To plan the strategy of her face.

A thousand sleepless nights
Have lunched the tragic wars
That plague her private history...
Gail Mitchell is worth watching — she's good and she's going places.
Susan Zimmerman's two poems, "The Androgyny" and "Ordinary Madness," are examples of good new womanwriting, and Heather Cadsby has epitomized the spirit of the seventies in "Our Absolute Presence," a unique poem with good tonal qualities which opens:

The horizon catches all journeys.
Nothing is completed.
Days open like a woman
and we are trapped in a place
Where no bird sings at the door.
Time leaps and slants.

A cage sways up.
Nothing can leave or die.
One cannot hope to mention all the positive qualities of these poems, but in reading through *Landscape*, one notices a lot of first-rate potential, and some excellently formed poetry. There isn't space enough here to let the authors speak for themselves. You must read the book.

I wish I could say as much for Judy Greenspan's *To Lesbian Everywhere* (1976, Violet Press, P.O. Box 398, New York, NY 10009, \$3.00), a collection of poetry for lesbians, as the title says. We here have a book of open, direct poetry dealing with explicitly lesbian themes — high school lesbianism, coming out, lesbian culture, the movement and its conferences, lesbians in history, what it's like to be incarcerated in love, out of love, and more — an ambitious list of themes, and that doesn't count them all. It's good to have these subjects brought to light, and it's good to read a poet who

doesn't portray love and the gay community as either utopian or sordid, two stereotypes which we haven't altogether dispensed with, even amongst ourselves. Perhaps honesty is the chief merit of the book; with the exception of a few poems such as "And sometimes I feel like," and the love poems, it is mediocre in its execution.

From the same press, Fran Winant's *Dyke Jacket* (1976, \$3.00) is a better book. It's concerned with many of the same themes, but the poetry is more varied, more original, and of a higher calibre. "Yesterday," a poem using Gertrude Stein as a persona, is genuinely good, and so is "She Was Called Tammi," a long poem on the Creation in distinctly feminist terms. epic, wow! It's also a damn good song. Fran Winant includes her own music for it in *Dyke Jacket*, and music and lyrics for three other lesbian songs.

So, within this book, you have poems, songs, music and drawings — some of the latter by Winant, and others by other women artists. I like the variety. Not all poets can handle music and visual art as well as words. And, by the way, the title poem, "Dyke Jacket," is a good summary of how lesbian consciousness and culture have evolved since the fifties.

If you can't travel to California to hear Judy Graham and Pat Parker read, bring them to you via Olivia Records' new disc, *Where Would Be Without You* (Olivia Records, P.O. Box 70237, Los Angeles, CA 90070) and have a memorable evening listening. I did, and I found the poetry much more dynamic when I could actually hear it being read as intended by the poet. The record contains the best of the works of both poets. Pat Parker's range and variety are really superb. She's one of the rare few who can be absolutely hilarious and serious, and succeeded at both. "Pi Stop" sounds unified as a poem and as a drinking song when spoken, in ways which it just doesn't print and "For Straight Folks Who Don't Want to Be Gays But Wish They Weren't so Biatch!" is priceless. Judy Graham's reading is memorable, especially the poem "sequence the woman in 3 pieces."

God! I must also mention a collection of stories which I found so beautiful I just had to say something about them. Jamison Green's *Eyes* (available through Amazon Reality Collective, P.O. Box 95, Eugene, Oregon 97401, \$2.95) contains stories of exceptional merit and variety, written from a refined feminist consciousness — one which informs but does not intrude upon the fiction itself. "Organic Life" is a feminist idyll, a utopian world where Elizabeth, the "I," and the child Caliban (Shakespeare's character romanticized) exist in a state of natural harmony, perfectly gay and perfectly free from the restrictions of reality. It's a charming fantasy with which the realities of the other stories must be juxtaposed: "Every Second Sunday" with its concern with communication lines and problems; "We Always Wrote Stories," a variation on the teen-age love story with new and unexpected surprises; "Rose by Another Name" portraying an aging, working-class woman fairly and with dignity, not as a stereotype; it is delightfully simple and in no way academic, although you know you're reading an educated woman when you read her. There's an art to that, as there is an art to dramatizing concepts and ideology. Very successful here.

by Judith Crewe

Body Politic/17

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OUR IMAGE

The Ivory Tunnel



Hand 2 from gay BCs: drawings by Joe Brainard

Small Press Books

One of the delights of Jonathan Williams' poetry is its opening up of so many of our traditions, making it all seem as easy and close to hand as opening a can of beer, showing with a few artfully chosen words not only who and what we all are, but how we got here. Letting us all in on a series of profound, anthropological camp jokes.

James Laughlin maintained that "no body who is writing today has a more individual style or more vitality or a more salty wit," all of which qualities are well-represented in *Urnbursts & Antennae* for Maurice Ravel (\$4 from Serendipity Books, 1780 Shattuck Ave., Berkeley, CA 94709). But I'm not at all sure I can go along with William Carlos (no kin) Williams' pronouncement, "the democratic idiom is all there." The younger Williams' perséens, even when disguised as the sapient manderings of the yokely, have an uncompromisingly patrician ring. And Jonathan can pack more ambiguities and levels of meaning into a three-word line than a platform of academics at double-time—and to more point.

There are scrumptious morsels, though not for everyone's palate. *Urnbursts* is literary cavali— or fillet mignon (more filling). Williams' other new book, *gay BCs* (\$5, Final Press, 404 W. Green St., Champaign, Ill. 61820) is an alphabet of erotic generalizations: "Pauls talk... Walters are all lease..." with 26 matter-of-factly erotic drawings by the multi-talented Joe Brainard. The confessions should be treated with scepticism: the Richards of the world, for example, are labelled blackly, and should mount group action— of some sort. Perhaps descend, en masse, on Col. Williams' Cumbrian retreat, and... *Holler Than Thou* Hocus-Focus & Homosexuality by Ralph Blair (HCCG Inc., 30 E. 60th St., New York, NY 10022) is an attempt to reform the anti-homosexual attitudes of Evangelical Christians. Evangelicals have been among the most virulent attackers of gays and Dr. Blair has his work cut out for him. It is no mean feat to persuade someone to abandon one tenet of an idiotic set of beliefs, yet leave all the rest untouched.

Dr. Blair has managed to find some quotes by relatively liberal evangelicals; most of them are offensively condescending. "Writing of homosexuality in an Inter-Varsity publication, Margaret Evening suggests several questions for self-reflection on the maturity, emotional growth, possible self-indulgence, effect on relationship with God, and potential for becoming more fully human in a loving relationship." Her conclusion: "If homosexual friends can, with real honesty, answer these questions to their entire satisfaction and peace of mind, then they have nothing to fear." "Well! It leads one to suspect that when the results of this rigorous little gays-only questionnaire are in, we'll all be very wanting, and will have, in fact, quite a lot 'to fear'."

Dr. Blair writes very well on the deceptions of the "ex-gay" movement, a clutch of supposedly "reformed" homosexuals. Gay liberationists will rightly have some qualms with this booklet, but it should prove vastly helpful to gay women and men influenced by a strong Christian tradition. No price is given. *Bernstein on Homosexuality* (20p,

Alhot Books, 10 Alhot St., Belfast, N. Ireland) reproduces some of the German socialist leader's writings on homosexuality, the Wilde trial and the German "Paragraph 175" outlawing homosexual relations. Though sympathetic to the homosexual cause, Bernstein shared many of the prevailing confusions of the time. And it is amusing now to read his oft-mandated deprecations of Wilde's wit (he says anyone can do it).

The bunch that publishes the pamphlet, the "British & Irish Communist Organization," seems as confused as Bernstein and with far less excuse. "We do not," they declare, "follow the anti-sexist movement in their demand that the law should oppose the social bias towards heterosexuality. Heterosexuality remains socially necessary and should be encouraged. Homosexuality is fairly harmless and can be tolerated"—but only as long as "overpopulation" continues!

The cover of my copy of this pamphlet shows a naked youth of the type popularized by van Gogh, but other copies I've seen have lettering only, so ask for a copy with a cover boy.

To say that Ed Cox's book *Waking* (22.50, Gay Sunshine Press, PO Box 40337, San Francisco 94114) is typical of 70's gay poetry sounds condescending and dismissive. I do not mean it to be. The openly gay literature of the post-Stonewall years has included a high proportion of very good and original writing along with the inevitable drack, and some of Cox's work would not be out of place among the better gay poems of the time.

It is simply that both the focus and the manner of almost all the pieces here are shared widely with other contemporary poets, especially gay poets. Cox employs the familiar post-Stonewall post-Grassie conventions of style, and the school terms, conversations with friends, moments with lovers, are rendered with a reticence and perception that make it easy to recognize, as Ron Schreiber says, "the myths of our own lives." The accessibility this gives Cox's work (and the admirable quietness and avoidance of stridency or gimmicks) must be weighed against the lack of a really distinctive and strong personal voice.

Certainly there are some memorable lines here: "Your small wrists as different as hair turning gray," and some of the short poems of just a few words achieve a concentration that reminds me of Tom Meyer, or the Canadian, Robert Flanagan.

Much of the verse in Dan Dulaney Allen's *Wings of Live Children* (52, Ironwood Press, 265 Dowry St., San Francisco 94117) is self-indulgent and deserves to have been worked on a lot more before publication. There should be more lines like "the hungry sheep in my thumb/ are feeding on your forehead."

Raymond Barrio's *The Devil's Apple Corps* (\$1.50, Ventura Press, Box 2268, Sunnyvale, CA 94087) is a sort of manic courtroom drama starring characters called Gede Vidal and Howard Hughes. Unhappily, these turn out to be little resemblance to the famous fellows with the same names. Hometrade design. Strictly for avid collectors of Vidaliana.

by Ian Young

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by George Weinberg
paper \$2.25

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Gay American

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by Jonathan Katz
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A vast chronicle of gay life and oppression covering more than four hundred years. Katz's documentary is a must for the understanding of our gay "roots."
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Lesbians and Gay Men in the U.S.A.
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Personal Experiences of Gay Men and Lesbian Women
edited by Kara Jay and Allen Young
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Jay and Young's second gay liberation anthology. Elaine Noble called it "one of the most significant compilations of gay thought and political theory." In the original large format edition.
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The Personal and Sexual Politics of Edward Carpenter and Havelock Ellis
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A significant contribution to the theoretical advancement of socialism, gay liberation and feminism. "A must for people interested in the early history of the movement."
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NEW THIS MONTH!

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by Keith Maillard
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"There are tricks and there is magic." *Two Strand River* hints at what our magic might be — what kinds of metaphors can focus our experiences for us. — Mary Walker in *The Body Politic*
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Women's Festival Calendar for 1978

compiled by Beth Foster
10 x 15 inches \$4.00

This big wall calendar includes sun and moon signs and is illustrated with photographs taken at the Mount Pleasant, Michigan Women's Music Festival.
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The Naked Civil Servant

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Don Tapscott, Revolutionary Workers' League (RWL) candidate has consistently

At a subsequent all-candidates meeting, a lesbian member of GATE asked Tapscott what he thought about this wanton display of homophobia by other candidates. Tapscott's defence of



Don Taggart

The Gay Alliance Toward Equality (GATE) in Edmonton has responded to these attacks and intends to capitalize on the public support that has begun to grow for gay rights. GATE's specific objective is to receive firm commitments from all mayoralty candidates in support of gay rights and thereafter to present briefs to city hall demanding realization of campaign promises.

by Rosemary Ray ☐

Since mid-July, Gay Alliance Toward Equality (GATE) Edmonton has been seeking endorsements for a brief to be presented to City Council calling for legislation to prohibit discrimination against gays employed by the city.

Having received a positive endorsement from the Unitarian Church, copies of the brief and a call for support were sent to other organizations, among them the Netherlands Church. This organization has internationally supported homosexual equality. In Edmonton, it does not.

In his response, a church spokesperson noted that "In several places in the Bible, homosexuality is described as a sin and therefore hateful to God. The cities of Sodom and Gomorra (sic) were destroyed because

of their sinful lives including
homosexuality." **by Judith Crews**

Thanks to the US Navy's public relations department, people in the naval port of Norfolk Virginia can now enjoy a remarkable new telephone service: Dial-a-Sailor.

It is intended, says the Navy, as a means for Norfolk residents to meet and greet visiting seamen. A caller can be provided with a dinner guest, a beer companion or someone with whom to enjoy a sporting event.

from GPU News

More than seventy women went to a Norman-style Holy Cross Retreat at Port Burwell, Ontario on Thanksgiving Weekend for "Strategy and the Women's Movement Today: A Women's Provincial Political Action Conference" sponsored by the London Women's Action Committee.

"Oh, the ironic contradictions! — Active Ontario Feminists getting together in the luxurious belly of the church to discuss their difficulty building a women's movement as the state becomes increasingly opposed to having that movement built," said one participant.

Mary O'Brien gave an artistically magnificent and informative speech on "Strategy and the Women's Movement: a Theoretic Overview." She looked for the philosophy of birth, she said, and

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was interested in women in political theory. "We have no choice" she said. "If I abdicate the control of reproduction to the ruling class and the ruling sex, they will use it."

Sandy Steinecker spoke about strategy. "We have not made significant gains in the economic areas — day care, wages, etc. but we have built an army." But, "If you don't educate that army about why the government does what it does, you lose the momentum, as we did in daycare. It is time to reown our movement, to define it with high visibility so we do not set ourselves up for co-optation. The movement was built for small units. Now we've got to make our networks work and start thinking in massive numbers."

With some exceptions there was mutual agreement the reform does not work, and workshop discussions tried to deal with forms of revolution, union organizing, civil disobedience. As usual, there was not enough time. Once the concept of a province-wide, strategy-oriented organization came up, it was too late for women to stay and discuss it. Lesbian perspectives, too, were "assumed" but not really considered as an important contribution to a strategy centering around reproduction. However, the conference was agreed to have been successful in terms of digging in for the long struggle.

by Gay Bell

Catalyst channels cash

Seven Canadian writers have been awarded Ontario Social Council grants ranging from \$200 to \$800 at the recommendation of Catalyst, a gay publishing house based in Scarborough, Ontario. The lucky authors are Graham Smith, Judith Cree, Wayne McNeill, Richard Phelan, Doug Wilson, Pier Giorgio di Cicco and Will Aitken.

Crackdown gone too far, CGRO, politicians protest

Opposition has begun to organize against the repressive atmosphere which grew in Toronto following the murder of 12-year-old Emanuel Jaques in July. The gay community, through the Coalition for Gay Rights in Ontario (CGRO), spoke out early. Since then, others have publicly spoken against the repressive measures.

On September 2, Alderman Allan Sparrow called a press conference to publicly dissociate himself from a runaway repressive atmosphere being generated by events in the downtown core. He also specifically disassociated himself from the "repression of the gay community." Sparrow also stated that he was "appalled" at the Attorney General and the Metro Chairman for supporting the re-introduction of the "notorious and thoroughly discredited" omnibus vagrancy laws. These laws, he stated, were promulgated by the police. Shortly after the Jaques murder, Attorney-General Roy McMurtry called for the re-introduction of the vagrancy laws as a way of eliminating male prostitution in Toronto. Sparrow's statement followed earlier, but less specific, statements by Mayor David Crombie and Alderman Arthur Eggleton expressing concern that the "cleanup" of Yonge Street "not infringe on the rights of any group."

The Portuguese community, which had been prominent in the calls for repressive measures, was also beginning to denounce the climate of hysteria. The September issue of the *Education Educator*, a Portuguese community publication, condemned the demonstration by 12,000 Portuguese in response to the Jaques murder. The August 8 demo was extensively reported by the media because of its support for the reinstatement of the death penalty and its slogans calling for "death to all sex perverts." The *Education Educator* stated that "Ninety per cent of the Portuguese organizations did not officially support the demonstration." The article added that "capital punishment will not solve

the problem of crime in any society and it is an uncivilized way of punishing criminals who many times are the victims of the socio-political and economic system."

In a related matter, CGRO, feeling that the media coverage contributed to the public hysteria, wrote to the *Toronto Star* and called for an end to the use of terms like "homosexual orgy" in relation to such crimes. CGRO specifically urged the *Star* to avoid a recurrence of the hysteria when the Jaques case comes to trial.

Responding to the CGRO letter, the *Toronto Star's* Editor-in-Chief, stated that it was the policy of the *Star* "to avoid the gratuitous use of prejudicial language. If such language forms a significant part of the trial record, however, it will, of course, be subject to reporting in the context."

Unsatisfied with this response, CGRO will be launching a formal complaint with the Ontario Press Council.

by Tom Warner

Hamilton Steel City updates

In late July the *Hamilton Spectator* gave a slow welcome to the recommendation to include gay civil rights in the Ontario Human Rights Code (OHRC). In the past two months, however, the *Spectator* has become much less homophobic.

After its break through article on Hamilton gays in late July, only two letters in opposition to the OHRC had appeared, but from ministers. This was hardly the massive public outcry that the *Spectator* may have expected, especially since it accepted the OHRC of the "best of the best" of opinion.

On Saturday, September 10 the paper published its first unsolicited favorable news item on homosexuality. The item was about the program resolution approved by the American Sociological Association, which declared that "homosexuals are not disproportionately likely to be found among those who molest children. Homosexuals do not recruit persons into a life of homosexuality. The perpetuation of false stereotypes like these are harmful for all concerned."

One of McMaster Homophile Association's representatives was barred from a straight disco in the Windsor Hotel recently for passing out copies of the MHA program. The MHA has been quite active recently both on and off campus. In August, it set up a booth during orientation week at McMaster University, and held a picnic attended by 100 gays. James Fraser of the Canadian Gay Archives spoke to the Association about the Archives and its future plans. Media activities included sending two speakers to radio station CHML 900 for an open-line program about homosexuality, and publishing an article in the September 15 issue of *Silhouette* on the Jaques murder. The article was supported by a letter published in the following week.

The McMaster Film Board premiered its film *A Son of the Family*, about a young gay's coming out and subsequent fears. It took place at midnight on Friday, September 7, at Broadway Theatre. Hamilton Personnel from MHA took part in the film and the organization received a credit.

by Shane Que Hee

Halifax Gay youth organize

Young Haligonian gays have formed a new organization. Gay Youth Halifax held its first meeting at the Turrell Gay Community Centre on September 21.

The idea for the group came from Wendell Enman and grew out of his participation in workshops at the Saskatchewan conference this summer. "We want to be a group to provide friendship, a place to come out, to talk to other gay people of our own age," said Enman. He said that the group was particularly concerned about the "legal and sexual

status" of gay youth. "You aren't supposed to be gay until you're twenty-one. We aren't going to push politically to change that yet. It seems more important in the beginning to provide a place for young people to come out, to accept themselves before they strive to get others to accept them."

Dene Roach, a member of Gay Youth Halifax, said, "I guess the group really stands for all the young gays who are quite often left out. Gay Youth will try to unite youths in this area to help them, especially in coming out, because it's so important that young gays develop healthy mental and physical attitudes. It will also try to help us adapt to the role playing forced upon us at home and school. In its own way, Gay Youth is saying to all young gays: 'You are not alone. You are, feel appreciated, talk with others.'"

The new organization hopes to function without an executive. Gay Youth Halifax can be contacted c/o Wendell Enman, Apt. 133, 1333 South Park St., Halifax, Nova Scotia.

by Robin Metcalfe

Quebec ADGQ seeks Justice meeting

The Association pour les Droits des Gais(e)s du Québec (ADGQ) is calling for a meeting with Justice Minister Marc-André Beaudry and Quebec Human Rights Commissioner, the President René Hurlbut to present them a brief on gay rights.

Entitled "The Homosexual Minority in Quebec and the Human Rights Charter," the brief highlights cases of anti-gay discrimination in employment, housing and access to public services. It underlines the absence of any protection for gay people in the Charter.

The brief concludes with recommendations that:

- The Quebec government amend the Human Rights Charter to include the sexual orientation among the grounds upon which discrimination is outlawed;
- That the Human Rights Commission follow the example of the Ontario Human Rights Commission and recommend the inclusion of sexual orientation in the government's charter; and
- That the Commission undertake social and legal research into the needs of the homosexual minority vis-à-vis human rights matters.

A copy of the brief will also be sent to all 110 members of the National Assembly in order to draw their attention to the lack of protection for the civil rights of Quebec's gay population.

Up to now, the Justice Minister has been unwilling to indicate any support for gay rights. ADGQ, however, met with a representative of the Human Rights Commission last year, and the Centre Homophile d'Aide et de Libération (CHAL) of Quebec City met with the director of the Commission in Quebec City office last July. On both occasions the Commission expressed interest in the question of gay rights.

We hope the presentation of the brief to the October 15 gay rights demonstration in Montreal will apply more pressure on the Justice Minister and the Commission and force them to act," announced Ron Gayman, the coordinator of ADGQ's civil rights committee.

by Stuart Russell

National Union attacks gov't on security clearances

The Public Service Alliance of Canada (PSAC) has criticized the federal government's approach to security clearances for homosexuals.

PSAC is the union which represents most of the federal civil servants in Canada.

In a brief which it presented to the government earlier this year, PSAC says: "Even though nowadays society and its laws take a more liberal view of homosexuality, we have every reason to believe that homosexuals are still considered security risks." Citing the case of Barbara Thornebrow, the lesbian fired from the Armed Forces, the union said: "This approach is anything but realistic. There is no evidence that homosexuals, any more than heterosexuals, are likely to reveal state secrets as a result of seduction or blackmail." □

NGRC launches Petition 50,000

Gay groups all across Canada have begun to circulate a petition calling on federal and provincial governments to add sexual orientation to their human rights legislation.

None of Canada's human rights codes now contain the words "sexual orientation" and as a result, gay people have no legislative protection against discrimination.

The 43 member groups of the National Gay Rights Coalition (NGRC) decided at the last national conference in Saskatoon that a petition was the best tool to continue the struggle for the inclusion of sexual orientation. Just prior to the conference, the federal government voted down an amendment that would have added the phrase to its recently adopted Canadian Human Rights Act.

This was followed by the publication of a Gallup Poll which showed that 52% of Canadians supported the inclusion of sexual orientation in the Act while only 30% were actually opposed.

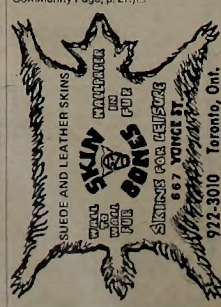
NGRC has circulated copies of the petition to each of its member groups, and has established quotas which, it attained, will result in a total of 50,000 signatures on the petition.

The coordinating office has set a target date of May 15, 1978 for completion of the signature drive so that the petition may be presented to the House of Commons on June 1, 1978, the first anniversary of the passage in the House of the Canadian Human Rights Act.

Each page of the petition is divided into two parts, one part dealing with federal legislation and the other with legislation in that particular province. People will be asked to sign twice, once on each part. When the petitions are completed, the two parts will be split and presented separately to the appropriate legislative bodies.

According to the rules in Ottawa and in each of the provinces, to be "officially" presented, the petitions must be endorsed and tabled in the House of Commons, or in the legislatures, by a sitting member. NGRC will be approaching sympathetic MPs and MLAs to present the petitions on its behalf.

Groups will be circulating the petition in the gay community and in unions, community and professional associations, human rights groups, political organizations and social agencies. Anyone interested in signing should approach an NGRC group in his/her area. (See *The Body Politic's* Community Page, p. 27.) □



WOULD YOU LIKE TO

HELP

OTHER GAY PEOPLE?

If you have a sincere desire to help people and can give 4 hours a week of your time, The Toronto Area Gay Phone Line is greatly in need of volunteer telephone counsellors. For full information, please phone 964-6668, or write TAG, Box 5706, Station A, Toronto, Ont., M5W 1X5.

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FLAUNTING IT!

Freedom of Speech

One of the first sounds you hear in a war is the slamming of doors. Maybe you've heard it recently.

CBC, the Canadian Broadcasting Closet, doggedly refuses public service announcements from Gay organizations. The Vancouver Sun is lighting the GAT. Vancouver all the way to the Supreme Court to prevent Gay people from advertising, i.e., from speaking about and for ourselves. In Toronto, in rapid sequence, radio station Q107 accepted, then refused paid ads from *The Body Politic*, *The Globe and Mail*, "Canada's national newspaper," accepted, then refused a paid ad from Glad Day Books, the Gay bookstore, and then came the Rogers Cable TV scandal (see the news). Two men were arrested and two women verbally abused while picketing. It's hard to stop us from making posters, but if they can stop them from seeing them, where's freedom of speech? And the federal government slammed the doors on the public park that doesn't even have any doors, on a Gay people's festival, the Oscar Wilde Birthday Party. It's hard to go indoors, into rented facilities. Ah, free enterprise!

Each of these slammed and slamming doors constitutes a new battlefield for Gay people. All we need, isn't it?

"Lies are often much more plausible, more appealing to reason, than reality, since the liar has the great advantage of knowing beforehand what the audience wishes or expects to hear." — Hannah Arendt. "All effective propaganda must be confined to a few bare necessities and then must be expressed in a few stereotyped formulas. . . Only constant repetition will finally succeed in imprinting an idea upon the memory of a crowd." — Adolf Hitler, who knew what he was talking about. "The survival of democracy depends on the ability of large numbers of people to make realistic choices in the light of adequate information." But we are faced with a "vast mass communications industry, concerned in the main with neither the true of the false, but with the unreal, the more or less totally irrelevant. . . (appealing to) man's almost infinite appetite for distractions." — Aldous Huxley. "Few if any public reactions against homosexuality are spontaneous. Most are either arranged or stage-managed by persons and factions who seldom care one way or another about sexual matters, but who have set their sights on various kinds of political gains." — C.A. Tripp. Get the picture? It's just a question of knowing your enemy, isn't it?

The "mass media" are, by and large, a crock of shit. No wonder so many people working in them end up bitterly disillusioned. They come bounding out of Journalism or Broadcasting School with a searing passion for truth and fall into dull, dull jobs, a lifetime sentence packaging other people's lies. But try and ignore them. They won't go away. They insert themselves hugely and hypocritically between us and our world, between each of us, and between tenuously connected pieces of ourselves. They presume to interpret, to "mediate" for us what we see and hear around us, far and near, even inside ourselves. They do it on such a scale and so relentlessly that they can bring us to sacrifice the evidence of our own senses and experience to their second-hand images. That's power.

"Freedom of the press rightly belongs to the people and not the publishers." — Beland Honderich, publisher of *The Toronto Star*. The same *Star* that fired a reporter two years ago for claiming publicly the paper slanted its coverage of a federal election. This particular crusader must have wanted the slant to go another way; few "journalists" have proved more adept at distortion, to say nothing of pure shit, than — yes — Claire Hoy. He works so hard at vilifying Gay people that one can't help wondering: maybe he never

got over being called "Claire." Or — but who'd want him? The same *Star* launched and largely financed the Ontario Press Council, "to preserve the established freedom of the press" — freedom to ignore or make mincemeat of reality — to void several formal complaints by gay individuals and organizations have had absolutely nowhere, surprise, surprise.

Free freedom of the press. CBC claims to reach 97.5% of the population of Canada, it tends with its \$300 million annual budget to represent the remaining 2.5%. Five individuals, families or conglomerates own half the daily papers in Canada, with more than half the circulation; this concentration is increasing. 1975 total advertising revenue Canadian daily papers, radio and TV: \$974,900,000. Four hundred viewers in 90 countries received 359 episodes of the American TV western "Bonanza," an estimated 143 trillion person-hours spent absorbing the values of the Cartwright family. One minute of prime-time U.S. network television costs \$1,000,000 and up. (And our money isn't as good as General Foods, witness Q107 and *The Globe*.) Who was it said? "If you want freedom of the press, you have to have it."

In denying us access to their outlets, the owners and managers know exactly what they're doing. They're not acting on whim. They want us, need us, isolated, helpless and dependent on them for our images of the world, of each other and of ourselves. Example: a classified ad in the previous issue of *The Body Politic*. "Somewhere in Toronto there must be a masculine looking guy who could work next to Claire Hoy without Claire Hoy knowing (there are, they say, 100,000 of him). I am 30 and fit that description. Discretion assured." One of Hoy's recent diatribes: "These creatures, who like to call themselves 'gay' don't identify themselves, preferring to stay to fight hidden in the closet where they truly belong." Look at the ad again, can you think of a better way to seal your own closet, to surrender? Is this any way to fight a war?

But we grow and they become afraid. The community groups, so many of them, the publications, the demonstrations and the demands, so aggressive, the ads, the programs and the festivals all threaten to link us, to define us in our terms, to make clearer our peoplehood, our growing sense of community, and most dangerous to them, our growing power. So the doors slam, the undeclared war escalates.

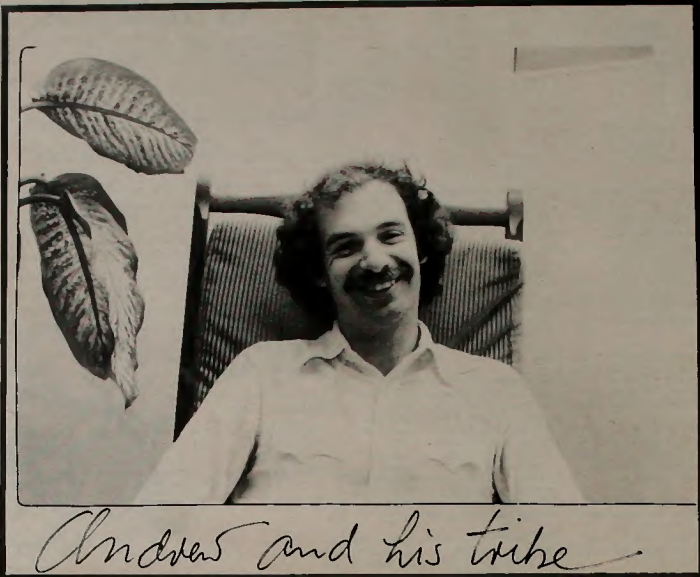
One of the most effective forces in the Parti Québécois campaign for power was the *independentists* working inside the major media, especially the French language CBC (television and radio networks). We Gay people have the media (along with most everything else) much more thoroughly infiltrated, in a purely statistical sense, than the PQ did, we run or have significant influence in most of the major cultural institutions in North America. (Source: the people being ignored, laughed at, or misrepresented in the media know — at least in the carnal means — many of the ones doing it, or allowing it to be done.) So what does it get us? Bad press. The rationalizations from inside the castle are infinite, some very elegant (these people make their livings, remember, distorting — excuse me, interpreting — reality.)

Isn't it about time we started naming names? Al's fair, they say, in love and war. A fantastic story waits to be told about the publisher of a major western daily newspaper, another about a Toronto daily editor's late night taxi-rides. Volumes of them.

We know who the enemies are; we need to be much clearer about who the friends are.

Frans Faxon: "Every onlooker is either a coward or a traitor." Or both.

by Michael Orlando □



by Ed Jackson

The title: *With Downcast Gays*. The subtitle: *Aspects of Homosexual Self-oppression*. The authors: Andrew Hodges and David Hutter. Typical quote: "The final stage of self-oppression is saying — and believing — 'I am not oppressed.'"

We thought you'd like to know a bit more about it. And them. Yes, self-interest. *With Downcast Gays* is the first book to roll off the presses with the imprint of Pink Triangle Press, *The Body Politic's* publishing parent. More than self-interest — *WDG* is the kind of book that hit us hard: it was fierce and clear. I was unhygienic, it spoke with hammer-like precision of kinds of things we were fuzzily moving towards ourselves. It was the kind of book you would have given to friends if it hadn't meant parting with your only copy. It was the kind of book that called E.M. Forster a traitor.

E.M. Forster is a classic example of the person who is widely known with in the sophisticated gay community as a homosexual, and whose name is added with pride to the list of famous names that gay people so eagerly make. Since all such lists are apologetic, they are all self-oppressive, but in this case there is a particular irony. Throughout his life Forster betrayed other gay people by posing as a heterosexual and thus identifying with our oppressors. *Maurice*, the novel which could have helped us find courage and self-esteem, he only allowed to be published after his death, thereby confirming belief in the secret and disgraceful nature of homosexuality. What other minority is so sunk in shame and self-oppression as to be proud of a traitor.

With Downcast Gays may unsettle. It may anger. Or it may push that final internal button marked 'yes to action.' Above all, it may bring more people to full awareness that there is a transplanted enemy within that needs to be rooted out.

The authors speak to those gay women and men who continue to resist

the messages of gay liberation and yet feel that something is out of whack with how they relate to the rest of the world. They address gay activists whose struggles to mobilize their sisters and brothers are thwarted by a stubborn shadow they are too impatient to understand.

Andrew Hodges recently visited Toronto and we took the opportunity to talk to him about *WDG* and its publishing history. Andrew, a mathematician by profession, is a slim, tousle-headed man with a gently distracted air. The critical tone of *WDG* might lead one to expect a more abrasive individual. Not so. Andrew began our talk with words of encouragement: "I'm pleased *WDG* is being printed in Toronto, and I flattered it made an impact on the Canadian movement that didn't happen elsewhere. I hope it will be just a beginning for Pink Triangle Press."

With Downcast Gays was first published in London, England by Pomegranate Press in 1974. Within two years the first edition, completely financed by the authors themselves, was sold out. Its reputation had barely reached North America. *WDG* has been translated into Swedish and Italian and was the inspiration for a successful play, *Mr. X*, which the Gay Sweatshop acting company toured widely in the U.K. With ever popularity *WDG* did have in North America came from the enthusiasm of the Canadian movement. It was a book which many of the people associated with *The Body Politic* admired — in fact, the sort of book which we wished to eventually publish ourselves. It so happened that at the same time Pink Triangle Press was searching for a first manuscript, Hodges and Hutter were also looking for a press to reprint their work. (They had decided they were not willing themselves to take on the trials of distribution again.) We struck a happy trans-Atlantic arrangement, and *WDG* was reborn.

Andrew is insistent upon one point: The writing of *With Downcast Gays* was completely a collective effort. He first met David Hutter, a professional artist, in 1971. They worked with others from the London Gay Liberation Front's

Counter Psychiatry group to produce the booklet *Psychiatry and the Homosexual*, which was published in March of 1973. That book ended with a brief discussion of self-oppression and it was David Hutter's idea that the two of them continue to work together on a book. Thus began a full year of close collaboration as the book was written and rewritten. "There was not a sentence we did not go over together," Andrew claims. It shows. One of the strengths of *WDG* is its brevity and clarity of language.

Hutter and Hodges have been taken to task by gay activists for criticizing other homosexuals rather than the social conditions which create gay oppression. Andrew considers this an important matter to clarify. He would never deny the power of social oppression and points out a key sentence in the introduction which acknowledges this conviction: "We hope that one thing will gleam through this criticism of our fellow homosexuals: that since self-oppression is the creature of oppression, our criticism is only a pale shadow of the anger we feel towards those who have trapped us into doing their work for them." While Andrew is convinced that basic social change is absolutely necessary, he is equally sure that it cannot be achieved without a consideration of the role of self-oppression.

Frequently writers of pioneering books, in an effort to make their case clearly, overstate it and feel the need later to retract or modify. I asked Andrew how he felt about *WDG* being reissued.

"It's good to know that its still alive after three years and that people are still drawing life from it. I wouldn't retract anything."

He would, however, elaborate on sections of it in light of recent developments in the gay movement. The notion of "gay community" was left too vague, for example. It was merely appealed to, not explained, and he feels that we have yet to clarify and analyse the concept. Andrew would also not write about lesbians and gay men in the same way. An understanding of why

distinctions are important simply did not exist at the time and it could not be set right by mere tinkering (Hodges has since written on the topic; see "Divided We Stand," *TBP* no. 30).

Andrew has had a unique first-hand opportunity to view the gay movement as an international struggle. Besides his intense involvement in London gay liberation, he has been a frequent visitor to Toronto and recently spent part of a year doing mathematical research at Syracuse university in New York State. He was instrumental in starting a gay group in Syracuse and attributes some of his success to the lessons he learned in writing *WDG*.

It's easy to forget that Andrew is a mathematician, and known to be a good one. Although I presume he must spend many heady hours theorizing about the mysteries of relativity, I have never heard him talk about it. He admits that mathematics is a polar opposite from gay liberation and is overjoyed that a new project he is just launching will combine the two worlds in a way that is new to him.

Andrew has had an offer accepted from an English publishing company to write the biography of Alan Turing, mathematician, homosexual. Turing was one of the inventors of the computer and did crucial work in Allied intelligence during and after World War II. He died in somewhat mysterious circumstances in 1954. Andrew is interested in exploring the social and political backdrop against which Turing's personal drama was played: gay life during the war and the early '50's witch-hunts. He feels this background is crucial to an understanding of Turing the homosexual.

Andrew's actions have been motivated throughout by a genuine dedication to the goals of our political movement. His tough criticism of other homosexuals springs from a fierce love of and faith in the strength of his "kind," his "tribe." His contributions hint at what gay people working collectively can accomplish.

Those interested in purchasing *With Downcast Gays* should turn to page 6.

TRASH



Astrological homophobia. "Neptune in the Seventh House in evil aspect to Uranus gives a contrary sexual instinct...Luminaries in female signs, configured together with Mars, and Venus, tend to make men effeminate, lustful, salacious, wanton and to deviate from the limits of nature; and to make women masculine..." From *How the Stars Influence Your Health* by Omar V. Garrison. Which proves the old adage — "know what's getting into Uranus."

Dangers of homosexuality, part 1. A 26-year-old woman has recently filed a \$100,000 damage suit against her former boyfriend for burns and scars received when he welded a chastity belt to her body.

In her suit, the woman claimed she was taken to the lad's welding shop, tied to a board, and welded into the belt. Shortly afterward, he used a welding torch to disconnect the device.

D.O.H., part 2. Up to 85 per cent of all drowning victims are teen-age males who are showing off — or so five leading doctors claim in a recent issue of *The Physician and Sports*. It seems a lot of them are "teen-age boys displaying their physical prowess to their girlfriends." Isn't it nice that while they're very quietly going under, we're very quietly going down?

Why is that gentleman screaming? "When confronted by a situation where denied homosexual longings can no longer be repressed...homosexual men...may react violently with behaviour described as 'homosexual panic'." This gem from *The Essentials of Psychiatric Nursing* by Dorothy Mareness, whose tome still enlightens first year nursing students. And so they'll know when they're likely to encounter it! It often occurs when the individual is compelled to live in intimate relation with a large group of the same or of the opposite sex.

Do they use "Come here often?" for openers? Sex offenders at Broadmoor, Britain's prison hospital for the criminally insane, are practising therapeutic flirting with women at simulated parties, bars and discotheques. Convicted rapists and other male sex offenders are taking part in a new cure attempt, with women therapists playing the female strangers in the experiment. There have been no reports of any permanent relationships forming.

Be a Trash-catcher! It's everywhere, but we're not. When you find it, date it, wrap it and send it to: Trash, c/o The Body Politic, Box 7299, Station A, Toronto, Ontario M5W 1X9.

From the Gay Left to Trotskyism

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FRIENDS-4

INTELLIGENT, AFFECTIONATE, sincere gay woman seeks serious friendship, or one to one relationship, if suited. Toronto and area. Drawer 865.

SUBURBY FEMALE 27, attractive, lonely, open-minded, sensitive, social. Enjoys people, reading, dancing, music. Wants open, friendly, sincere, loving relationship. Ontario/Quebec area, especially Northern Ontario. Must be feminine, attractive and appreciated. Can exchange visits. Drawer 869.

VANCOUVER

SUPER ATTRACTIVE young woman seeks same. I'm bright, sensual, caring, strong adventuresome, accomplished, in mid 20's... seeking someone feminine and charming... who want an exciting, warm and honest relationship. Photo please. Mail, Box 65995, Vancouver B.C.

GAY CANADIAN WOMEN can safely reach others through an international publication. The Wishing Well, P.O. Box 664, Newato, CA 94947, USA.

FRIENDS-4

TORONTO

MARRIED LATE 40's, seek lover 18 to 30, well-endowed, straight-looking and sincere. All you need is love. Phone number and photo if possible. Will reply to all. Write Drawer 871.

SPARKING FUN to young guys, age 20 to 25, have smooth buns, and would like to join imaginative 24 year old in mutual fun and drinkings. send photo. Drawer 831.

IF THERE'S ANYONE OUT there who doesn't like oral sex. I am a 29 year old man who gets off on general masturbation only. But also likes kissing and generally being affectionate with right person. Ages 15 to 30. Drawer 832.

TALL HEAVY 30 YEAR OLD MAN wants to meet others. Own apartment. Active. Drawer 834.

PASSIVE MAN, 5'11", 170 lbs, brown hair, blue eyes. Wants handsome, butch, dark man with a moustache for good times. Phone 762-4906.

MALE 23, WELL-HUNG, reasonably attractive, seeks others with own flat for casual encounters. Must be between 18 and 26, non-smoker (preferred), medical or slim build, discreet. TV's welcome. Photo and phone number appreciated. Drawer 833.

TORONTO MALE 31, university grad, attractive, affectionate - I seek the sincere companionship of possibly-oriented gays with the possibility of a permanent relationship, etc. I enjoy extensive travel, intelligent discussion and beautiful, produced movies and contemporary and classical music. Discretion is mandatory. I look forward to hearing from you! All correspondence shall be fully acknowledged. Drawer 835.

PRO STUDENT MALE, early 30's seeks emotionally mature companions who try to be totally honest. I am sincere and capable of relating about others. I like music, cinema, books, jogging, sex and just plain fun. I am recent-hair and find bars (emotional to human warmth). Drawer 836.

MASCULINE SOUTH AMERICAN GUY 24, 6'10, 160 lbs, seeks guys for fun and possible relationship with right one. Varied interests. Phone number and photo appreciated. All will be answered. Drawer 837.

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How To Address A Post To The BODY POLITIC

THE GATE Dancers, Sat, October 15, and Sat, October 29. The Church Street Community Centre, 519 Church Street, above Westley, 9PM. Licensed. For more information call 964-0143 or 466-3827. Or write to G.A.T.E. at 153 Carlton Street, Toronto, Ontario.

WELL-ENDED MAN enjoys heavy petting. Wants semi-steady relationship or casual. Prefer bisexuals but will answer all. anywhere. Drawer 838.

OBEDIENT GAY MALE mid-40s, 5'9", 165 lbs, wishes to meet several domineering gay males under 22. Replies fully confidential. Short resume and photo preferred. Let's get together. You may be very pleased. Drawer 839.

MALE 30 pleasant appearance, well educated, open-minded, uninhibited bisexual seeks older experienced friend who is intelligent, clean, discreet. Photo appreciated. Drawer 840.

ATTRACTIVE MALE 38 (32), tall, slim, body building, jogging, calisthenics, disco dancing, classical concerts. Teacher wishes to meet young men, students, 18 to 22, clean, intelligent, slim, smooth handsome for discreet sex relationship, friendship, dancing, weekends. Own apt. downtown. Orioleville. Europeans welcome. Drawer 841.

VERSATILE TRANSPARENT 28 seeks like-minded, honest, interested therein for good times and friendship. All answered. Drawer 842.

INITIALLY SAY MALE 38, open-minded, into 20th century music, male liberation, intellectual discussion, cinema and mainly, erotica. Interested. Drawer 843.

IF YOUR HEART AND MIND IS OPEN, if you are looking for a partner, I might be your man. I am not afraid of affection and an excellent understanding being a creative individual. My goal is being happy. Mutual growth and deep relationship assured. Drawer 844.

923-1791 PUTS YOU IN TOUCH WITH CHRISTOPHER - a very variable interests and is both personable and pleasant. Find out more. Drawer 845.

LONELY GAY MALE 27 needs well-educated male over 55 for friendship and more if possible. Discretion assured and expected. Drawer 846.

GAY MEN WANT TO MEET other gay couples into terms, tests, skin, bikes, music, theatre, dining, travel or sex. Drawer 847.

LIVING AT HOME? Under 25? Looking for afternoon and early evening fun? I am 26, 2'2", 180 lbs, masculine, brown hair, blue eyes, non-hair, warm, affectionate, loving white male. All the types of gay, movie, theatre, dining, travel; reading and rapping. Looking for young partners for fun and sometimes evenings out and fun times. Discretion guaranteed. Teenagers and new gays welcome. Write in confidence to Michael, Box 1340, Stn. A, Toronto. Drawer 848.

GOOD-LOOKING, ORIENTAL MALE 27, 5'11", slim build, masculine, intelligent, straight mannered and considerate. Wishes to meet young gay male for possible long-term relationship. If you're trimmed, masculine, intelligent, 5'7" or taller, please write with your phone number. Photo appreciated. Drawer 849.

MALE LATE 30's, well-built, easy to get along with. Enjoy most things including sex. Would like to find someone to come and share large bachelor apt. Photo would be appreciated, preferably nude. 63 Rotherham, C/O Apt 514, Toronto, Ontario, M4P 1R1.

MALE attractive, intelligent, understanding. Many interests. Wishes to meet guys in and around Toronto, especially those under 21. Let's get together and talk. Objective: friendship. I live in beach area. A.L. replied. answered. Drawer 851.

MALE TRANSPARENT 22, new to drag scene, wishes to meet others for exchange of fashion tips and techniques. Experienced makeup and beauty help available in return. Please write including phone number to Don at drawer 748.

HOW TO GAY LIFE, Discreet, straight-appearing, sincere, varied interests, social drinker, smoker seeks friends under 35. Not interested in permanent relationship. No one night stands. Not into B/D and S/M. No drugs. Want real people and true friendship. Send photo if possible. Give phone number and best time to contact. Only sincere people reply. Drawer 852.

SINCERE, ATTRACTIVE, SLIM, YOUTHFUL, blonde, 31, 125 lbs, green eyes, with wide interests including swimming, canoeing and role physical fitness, wishes to share mutual interests with similar firm, well-defined, warm, imaginative guy 22 to 35 for enjoyment and possible relationship. Drawer 849.

SINCERE, ATTRACTIVE 26 YEAR OLD MALE artist seeks intelligent, attractive, masculine man aged 26 to 30 with an interest in the arts and lives in west end. Photo appreciated. Drawer 850.

ATTRACTIVE, TOGETHER and totally without inhibitions 28, 6'10, 150 and 112, likes lingerie, P.V.C. etc. Seeks kinky friends any sex preferably dominant. No heavy S/M. Could be last one. Drawer 879.

PROFESSIONAL, AGE 33, good looking, 5'11", 155 lbs, masculine, very discreet, seeks same interests including bicycling, cross-country skiing, theatre, and travel. Drawer 882.

YOU ARE BETWEEN 24 AND 35, know a Kocel from a BWV, no, have a wide appreciation for the arts and the finer subtleties of life. I am 29, professionally involved in music with wide-ranging other interests. Drawer 883.

GOOD-LOOKING MASCULINE MALE, 5'9", trim 155 lbs, young funnies, looking for gay relationship with negro male. Box 1531, Station B, Downsview, Ont.

SLIM ATTRACTIVE SMOOTH SKINNED 27, 5'10, 130 lbs. Seeks young (no males) domin for exper in B/D, D/C, W/M, S/M. You must be under 30, good-looking, exciting, kinky, bisexual, very honest. Home and assistance offered to pretty youth under 26. Lasting relationships possible if serious and sincere and the 'crème de la crème.' Photo a must. Drawer 891.

MISSISSAUGA/TORONTO, handsome, blonde, male, 23, looking for fun and friends in or out of area (Etobicoke), preferably of same age, but not necessarily. Drawer 796.

WELL-ENDED STUO wanted for groovy and precious guys, or masculine, straight-appearing, young feeling, horny, greek passive. Teen, bi, TV welcome. Discrete. Write with photo and phone. Drawer 890.

EURASIAN 27 with attractive personality and healthy lifestyle intends to move to Toronto area. Trilingual, many interests. Would welcome friendly contacts with down-to-earth people to ease the difficult transition period that follows a move to an unfamiliar city. Box 391, Stn A, Montreal, PQ. H2X 3N3.

I'M ABSOLUTELY NOT possessive, but would like to try co-operative life with stable male companion with mutual respect for freedom and privacy. I am 27, 35 lbs, average, straight-looking, Japanese male. Artistic, cultured, well-travelled. Not aggressive type, but sensitive and intelligent. Photo appreciated. Drawer 853.

PROFESSIONAL MALE, 40, 6'1", 155 lbs, wishes to meet others in Georgian Bay area interested in spending weekends at my country house skiing, sunning, swimming, etc. I also enjoy classical music and opera. Discretion assured. Photo and phone number appreciated. Drawer 854.

RETIRED PROFESSIONAL, 6'1", 155 lbs, wishes to meet others of good physique, vigorous, good-looking, straight appearance wants to meet discreet, married or single men, 25 to 35, physically attractive clean shaven, any race. Enjoy travel, theatre, painting, fast automobiles. Intelligent conversation. Own pleasant home and lake-side cottage. Tolerant, outgoing, looking for intelligent, literate, fun-loving, jaded, lascivious contacts. Drawer 855.

SUPER-ENDED MALE, 18 to 36 preferably. Am young at heart, good-looking, 35, tall and slim. Compatible with phone number. Appreciate photo, but not essential. Looking forward to you with interest. Drawer 856.

DO YOU HAVE A BIG DOWNTOWN? Teens or twenties, top man, dial sex S/M and B/D, want a mature, straight-appearing, bottom man that feels young? Write with photo and phone number. Has great possibilities of leading to a great and permanent relationship. Drawer 858.

SLAVE 27 smooth good shape and trim slim very well-built dole and experienced into full servitude and humiliation especially VA SPRING WVS DC Service. 6D no pain no marks please. Drawer 797.

CHICKEN WRESTLER 19, 6', 156 lbs, good-looking, plump, smooth, slim 23 muscular. Seeks young well-built guys. Will act as matchmaker also. Drawer 798.

OUR CLASSIFIED rates are cheap and you can reach gay people right across Canada. Try a classified!

Classified Ad Form

Conditions
All ads must be prepaid by money order or cheque. Do not send cash. The Body Politic reserves the right of refusal. Late copy held over for the next issue.

Copy date for next issue December/January issue - November 8
February issue - January 4

Rates
Individuals 10 cents per word, minimum \$2.00
Businesses 30 cents per word, minimum \$6.00
Box numbers We will assign you a box number and forward your ad once a week for \$1.00 per ad per week. Classifieds.
Reprints There are no discounts for repeating classifieds.

Publication in section
Box number requested _____

Enclosures _____ for _____ no. of issues

Name _____

Address _____

Print your ad below in block letters, one word in each box.

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BP, BOX 7289, STN A, TORONTO M5W 1X3

ATTRACTIVE MALE 29. European, well-trained houseman/maid, looking for permanent relationship with gay/bi, single or couple over 35. Willing to relocate if convenient. Drawer 857.

WELL-BUILT, ATTRACTIVE, athletic, bi male, 23 years old, not into gay bars or games. Seeking similar contacts. Clean-shaven and on butch side in Oakville/Mississauga area. Drawer 865.

MALE 30, 5'9", 135 lbs. dark hair and eyes, young good looks. Seeks masculine appearing guy 30 to 45 months for sex and friendship in Ottawa or Hull area. Photo appreciated. Drawer 870.

OTTAWA MALE, 28, 5'9", 130 LBS interested in meeting straight-appearing friends 20-40 for friendship, movies, dancing and whatever! All replies answered. Discretion assured. Drawer 875.

MALE, 28, 5'7", 145 LBS. dark hair, bald, husky, beard, blue eyes, non-smoker, university graduate, sensitive, artist. Interests include movies, dancing, theatre, books, cooking for more than one, walking, all types of music. I'm seeking a 27-35 year-old straight-appearing man. Object: friendship leading to an intimate relationship. Privately appreciated, all replies strictly confidential. Drawer 880.

MANITOBA RIDING MOUNTAIN National Park. Recent job transfer has left me isolated in a small community outside this national park in western central Manitoba. Am 28, good-looking, masculine but versatile. Let's get together for some good times. Discretion assured. Drawer 874.

WINNIPEG, MN SINGLE GAY MALE 43, would like to meet other single males in Winnipeg area. Ages 21 to 43. Please phone 774-6018. If no answer, please write to: Michael Braverman, 354 Victor St. 2nd floor, Winnipeg, Manitoba, R3G 1Y6. When writing please send your phone number.

MALE SCORPIO, 20, 5'6", 126 lbs. new to city life. Straight-appearing, honest, clean, with many interests. Seeking 15 to 22 in similar a situation. Willing to rent either guy a room or a comfortable home. Rent reasonable. Sincere only need reply. Photo, please number appreciated. All answered immediately. Drawer 862.

MONTREAL NEED SOMEONE TO LIVE IN rural retreat on Ontario/Quebec border. Hour drive from Montreal. Younger person with own transportation preferred. Ideal for John Abbott or Macdonald College student. Drawer 884.

Why Are You Placing This Ad? Obviously, not. To meet friends with common interests. Agreed. But maybe there's another reason, equally important. Less obvious. Because an article you see in this magazine and you see it does its damndest to keep us from meeting each other. Except perhaps in the cities, we have few means of access to gay community. Even in the cities, the means are often provided by people who exploit the very gays they "serve".

One goal of the gay liberation press is to provide a means of expression to the explosive needs of building gay community.

Gay friends. And fighting anti-gay forces that constrain us.



MONTREAL, PQ MALE, 25, STUDENT, FRENCH, into writing an ad, bliking phone numbers. Love brains. One of the two would be okay. Drawer 890.

CALGARY, AB MALE 31, looking for lover. Am versatile but prefer active roles. Interests: theatre, music, camping. Prefer same age or younger. Drawer 890.

SUBURBY MALE, 28, 120 LBS. Looking for friend and willing to share a part of life with the enjoy music, theatre, conversation, travel, skating, walking and boating. Want to meet man who is honest, stable, secure like myself. Will answer all. Photo welcomed. Drawer 891.

ST JOHN, NB DOES ANYONE understand the plight of small town guys? We are about gay groups, clubs, etc. Let's learn of others who would be interested in getting together for some good times. Social times, dancing, and rapping so we can meet together and make new friends in our own circles. Let's make the gay presence felt throughout our province and let it all hang out. Interested? Write with confidence to: P.O. Box 7004, Stn A, St John's, NB, E2L 4S5.

MONTCTON, NB BEGINNING TRANSISTITE, age 23 would like to meet other T's in Maritime area for advice and good social friendship. Enjoy quiet get-togethers and relaxed atmospheres. Not interested in S/M or "Harming" drag scene. Want to make new friends. Can travel through Maritime area only. Drawer 865.

ALBERTA GAY MALE, MIDDLE-AGED, BALD, plump, not bad looking, affectionate. Looking for some old-fashioned cuddling. Passive. Not into SM. B.O. Discretion a must. Drawer 886.

REGINA, SK YOUNG GUY AT UPRR. Segregates into witty, intelligent, lover of regency society, into Gestalt and real people. Seeks pen pals. Friends and money. 5'7", 145 lbs, handsome. Scottish and German background. Not into violence or cruelty. TLC will be noisy. Love to hear from some nice people. Drawer 861.

VICTORIA, BC GAY WHITE ARAB MALE recent to Victoria, 24, considered CGLBO as modelled, seeks single males 20 to 28 for quiet happy normal friendship and/or relationship. Photo and letter please. Drawer 889.

LONDON, ONT. MALE, 30's, 5'8", 135 LBS. Masculine, honest, discreet, with varied interests seeks masculine companion with attractive, straight-looking person under 25 yrs. Sincere replies only. Photo appreciated. Drawer 888.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND WM, 38, living in Maryland wants friendship of big, husky Canadians to 45, Photo please. Drawer 858.

HOMES

TORONTO NON-SMOKER, MALE OR FEMALE wanted to share 2 o'rm apt. Bath-ur, south of Eglinton \$120 per month. Call 781-2766.

GAY GUYS, Rooms, flats apart-ments. Furnished and unfurnished. Broadview/Gerrard area. Phone 595-1600. \$225-\$610. 250-2507. **AVENUE ROAD/LAWRENCE.** Young man has fully furnished 2 o'rm apt. to share. Rent \$200 per month. Serious enquiries only. 783-8315.

MALE 23, brown hair, blue eyes, good-looking, would like to share apt with someone 25 or younger. I am looking for someone interested in good times as well as sharing living expenses. I dig disco and the Toronto night life. Mississauga. Drawer 872.

HOME AWAY FROM HOME. Male 29, has a 2 o'rm flat to share with same. Extra tidm unfurnished. Rent \$108, plus utilities (gas and hydro), parking. Close to Man St. Subway. Phone 690-5122 and ask for Tom.

RELIABLE, RESPONSIBLE PERSONAL IDEAL FOR STUDENT PERIOD. Male 25 has 2 b'drm furnished up per half of house with lease. Looking for fun-loving, responsible roommate. Beaches area. Gerard and Coxwell. Convenient to TTC. All gay people in house. Only need apply. Phone B11 at 463-7997.

MALE 36, 145 lbs. seeks roommate to share 2 b'drm. Good accommodation. Into music, smoking. Temporary accommodation. Please call same age or younger. Drawer 892.

MALE COUPLE, MID-20's, seek quiet, intelligent, responsible 3rd person to share attractive 3 storey apt. in Forest Hill. Professional or graduate student preferred. \$225/month or less! amount with extra housework 921-2964 evenings.

HOUSEMAN/COMPANION/LOVER sought by a 30+ attractive professional man. Free room and board and modest allowance in return for household chores. I'm intelligent and attractive. Can hold regular job or attend school at a university. Call 469-0430.

WINNIPEG/MANITOBA GAY GUY UNDER 40 TO SHARE 2 b'drm furnished home. Rent free, split food and utilities 50/50. Occasional dog walking and lawn watering when owner away. I enjoy folk and classical music, the arts and good food. Can't stand cigarette smoke, but love malt scotch. Would prefer similar b'drm. Call 469-8117.

SASKATON YOUNG PROFESSIONAL seeks bi-gay guy to share large duplex in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. Photo and phone number exchanged. Drawer 770.

HALIFAX YOUNG CARPENTER with an eye for the decorative will work for you. Excellent references. Halifax and southshore area. 857-9547. Bob.

TORONTO MALE UNIVERSITY GRAD 23 wants employment. Administrative or organizational experience. Prefers arts oriented position. Energetic, amiable, hardworking. References are available. Degree in Fine Arts. Drawer 873.

I AM 16, A STUDENT, and would like to work full or part time this year. I have experience in many areas of work (day care, kitchen work, teaching, office work) but no diplomas or educational qualifications. Would like to work in a creative or organizational capacity. Call Hooty 755-5092.

HATE PAINTING, DECORATING, cleaning, gardening, odd or dirty jobs? Responsible and strong young men will perform your work efficiently and at low cost. Each job receives a personal touch. Retailers: Need a reliable man help in peak periods or while you're away? Fully experienced and trustworthy. References supplied. Complimentary consultation. Call David at 486-0530.

CAN YOU TYPE? GOT FREE TIME The Body Politic needs a typesetter no pay, free clothes, lotsa laughs. Call 863-6320, Rick or Gerald.

TERMINUS BATHS

men, women and couples

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FREE 1/20 STORY graphically illustrated. Other information. Brian Dunn, 324 Avenue O South, Saskatoon, SASK S7M 4P8.

LETTERS

VERY INTELLIGENT, well-educated black male, 28, presently confined to prison with 3 yrs. time before release. Would like to hear from honest, sincere people who are understanding and interested in establishing a possible good friendship. Looks, age, color, status quo not important. I am into accounting, book-keeping, and business administration, now studying law and creating for a new life once released. Would like to relocate and prepare to build and share a compatible life with someone. Must be stable and sincere. Write to Teddy Carlo Harris, Box 9-37904-A, Represa, California, USA-95671.

PRISONER REQUESTS CORRESPONDENCE. 24 years old. Gay and lonely. Write Charles Haley, No. 143-541, P.O. Box 45699, Lucasville, Ohio, USA, 45699.

ISRAELI MALE, 40, interested in corresponding with males in North America. Varied interests. Drawer 856.

QUIET, CONTENTED, 17 years of age. Interested in Baroque music, piano, singing, writing, theatre, good food and travel. Wishes to correspond with anyone who wants to learn more about themselves and someone else. Write Jeff Wolfe, RR 1, Pustish, Ontario, ON M0G 1S0.

TRAVEL

FORTLAUDERDALE BELLA MAR VACATION MOTEL. 3801 N Ocean Blvd, Ft Lauderdale, Florida 33308. A friendly and informal atmosphere. Clean, comfortable rooms \$12 a night. Two-bath apartments \$16 daily for two. Pool service, air conditioning, TV, pool. Write or phone 351-586-4376.

OTHER

GAY COMMUNITY CENTRE, East Bay, 2714 Telegraph Ave., Berkeley, California 94705. (415) 845-8200. We have a variety of activities for gay women and men, space is also available for use by gay individuals, groups and organizations.

LAWINE, A TELEPHONE LEGAL INFORMATION AND REFERRAL SERVICE sponsored by the Students' Legal Aid Society at the University of Toronto Law School, is under from the Department of Justice. Mon through Fri, 10am-5pm PM. (416) 978-7293. Queen's Park Station, Toronto, Ont.

IF YOU BELIEVE THAT GAYS should support other GAYS, write to me stating what goods and services you have to offer. I shall be discreet, respect your confidence, and probably give you some business now or later. I shall give your name to others only with your permission. Resident north-east Toronto. Drawer 857.

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COMMUNITY PAGE

Body Polit

For the present

Gift giving time again. Maybe you're searching for something more imaginative to give than an Ah Men caftan or a coffee mug tree. Something for now but for later too — something that won't just disappear to the back of a closet or a cupboard when styles change. A gift that reflects a little of you — your thoughts, your Worldview.

How about a BP sub?

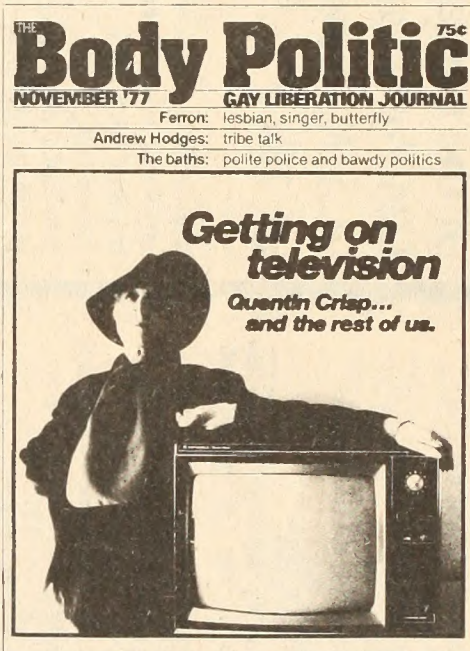
It's smart, it's thinky, it changes issue to issue... never consigned to the closet. And it arrives ten times a year. A subscription, as they say, just keeps on giving. If the BP's ideas and images resonate for you isn't it a perfect thing to share with friends?

So how about it. Treat yourself. Treat a friend. A lover. We supply the gift card — very smart, very beige, very now. Tell

us what to say and we'll write it in. Just \$9.50 does it, and that's first class. Nothing on the envelope but our box number. The surprise is all on the inside. So let the BP help you celebrate by letting us know you want **The Body Politic** with you or a friend, for

the present... and into next year.

If you gave a sub last year. Or it's not quite the thing for that very special someone, why not turn to page 19 — Pink Triangle Book Service has all this year's hot titles...



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Rate: \$9.50/10 issues (\$12.50 U.S.)

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Gift subs will start with the Dec/Jan issue.

Send to: The Body Politic, Box 7289, Station A, Toronto, Ontario, CANADA M5W 1X9